

469

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3376.—VOL. CXXIV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904

SIXPENCE.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved.



THE FIRST ECCLESIASTICAL STATE CEREMONY IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.—THE ENTHRONEMENT OF ARCHBISHOP BOURNE, DEC. 29: THE HOMAGE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Archbishop Bourne, the late Cardinal Vaughan's successor, was enthroned with elaborate and impressive ceremonial, according to the order prescribed by a Pontifical used at Canterbury before the Reformation.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Greeting to our young friend 1904! May he gladden all true moralists by a marked improvement on the behaviour of his predecessor! There are critics who shake their heads over the hereditary taint in his family, and say that time will never eradicate it. Away with such doleful persons! Why do they crawl betwixt earth and heaven, spoiling both? Purblind as they are, they cannot see how fast our reformers are moving towards a sublime dispensation. Emerson's advice is out of date. No need to hitch your wagon to a star when a motor-car is advertised every day to whirl you to the New Jerusalem! It will take you by a short cut, avoiding St. Petersburg, Tokio, and Peking, where the route is alleged to be as unsafe for high-minded travellers as the road which led a certain man to Jericho. John Chinaman may be peaceful enough; but an eminent diplomatist is reported to have said, "We shall pull his pigtail until he bites." If your motor-car were to take that way to the New Jerusalem, you might find an awkward block in the traffic.

Science is unexpectedly helpful in this semi-celestial progress. An artful jeweller in Piccadilly attracts much curiosity to his window by this notice: "Radium, £20,000 an ounce." There is a legend that a blithe young man walked into the shop, and said, "I'll take two ounces, please; a little Christmas present for my cousin; she's tremendously interested in chemistry, and all that. What? You haven't got so much radium in the place! Then why put that placard in the window? No, I won't look at any diamonds. My cousin calls them wretched bits of carbon; she'd drop them in the fire!" There is, I believe, a comfortable notion abroad that before the sun goes out we shall find enough radium to do his duty, as he seems to be made of the same metal. There may be some bother about fixing it at its proper altitude; but when the time comes a skyward science will hang up our luminaries as easily as if they were Chinese lanterns. Meanwhile, pray observe the effect of the "X" rays upon the negro. It is reported that they bleach him, turning his native ebony to a pure Caucasian complexion. Here's a solution of the negro problem in the South! Bleach the whole black race, and there will be no more lynching. Mr. Booker Washington will dine with the President, and no Southern gentleman will wish that the pumpkin pie had choked them both. There will be no more "coon songs." Civilisation will make a great leap forward. Oh, yes! I am building high hopes upon the moral achievements of 1904!

Who do you suppose was the most melancholy subject of King Edward on Christmas Day? I was reading the *Times* that morning in the cheerful glare of an electric lamp, the supply of radium from the firmament having been cut off by the engineers who manage the London climate, when I found the mournful hero of the season. Of all people in the world it was Mr. John Hare. Who would dream of associating him with the deepest dejection? You may see him any evening in his usual character of a British peer, polished, urbane, and full of pleasant humour. When Miss Nina Boucicault, as the little Irish nurse in Mr. Barrie's play, wishes she could have petted Eve's first-born, Mr. Hare's British peer chimes in sympathetically, "Dear little Cain!" But this was not the spirit of his letter in the *Times* on Christmas Day. It drew a gloomy picture of the actor's art, fostered by no school, stagnant in a groove, threatened by the ever-growing taste for the most frivolous entertainment. Without a conservatoire and an endowed theatre, the prospect is that "the already few theatres devoted to the higher drama will still further dwindle in numbers, and the octopus 'musical comedy' gradually absorb them in its far-reaching grip." Nice reading for Christmas morning! It was like a premature nightmare after mince-pies. I closed my eyes, and had a vision of the last night of the last drama and the last actor; a small audience of desperate adherents of a lost cause; the curtain coming down on the last scene; and then a tentacle of the octopus protruding from the stage, and brandishing a gigantic poster which announced that on the next evening Mr. George Edwardes would produce a new musical comedy entitled "The Mulberry Girl"!

Perhaps the case will never be so bad as that; but I can understand that to an actor of Mr. Hare's rare gifts and experience the outlook is deplorable. The present means of training for young actors is woefully deficient. Mr. Tree has shown his practical sense of that by initiating the project of a school. If all goes well with the school, what will become of the students? Their accomplishments will not be needed for "The Mulberry Girl." From a school of acting an endowed theatre seems to flower naturally; at any rate, the two ideas are near akin, although to some people who support Mr. Tree's scheme the idea of a theatre

which would not be the usual commercial speculation is positively shocking. They regard it as an illegitimate form of competition. A self-respecting manager who cannot pay his way closes his doors. How immoral would be the manager who was enabled to keep them open, not by public support, but by private subsidy! It is also argued that this would never do, because the English people have a "temperamental" objection to a drama which is not self-supporting. You may endow a picture-gallery, and draw from the public not enough revenue to pay for the cleaning. For this you will be styled a benefactor. But if you endow a theatre you offend the national temperament.

Some injustice, I think, is done to this oracle. It is quite true that the public is not greatly interested in the subject; but a theatre with a stock company, flashing now and then with new talent, and playing pieces with sufficient vitality in them, might turn out a popular experiment. Mr. Hare says that our young actors have to learn the art of speaking. Who can say that the public would not find this art a piquant surprise? An actor of original aptitude, who could really modulate his voice instead of pitching it indifferently from one key to another: might he not fill with astonishment and delight the average playgoer, who is wholly unacquainted with the resources of this organ? Imagine the novel sensation of the dramatist, writing dialogue to be spoken by young actors who could give the finest intonation to the subtlest meaning! There would be some use in the conservatoire which produced such capacity, and in the theatre which gave it free scope. When our new friend 1904 is mature enough for his Christmas, perhaps there will be another letter from Mr. Hare, less apprehensive of the octopus. And 1905 may beggar all the optimists!

In George Gissing the world has lost the gentlest of pessimists. Before I knew him I pictured the author of "New Grub Street" as gloomy and dyspeptic, and I found a quiet and contemplative soul, who warmed quickly into friendly and buoyant intercourse. How much of our trouble is due to character and how much to circumstance is a moot point for the philosophers; but circumstance had certainly played some strange ironical pranks with Gissing. It subdued his mind so that he saw nothing for many years but the tragedy of poverty and futile effort. If you want to be made thoroughly dismal, to feel that in 1904 the world will go utterly to the bad, "New Grub Street" is a sure prescription. One personage in the book is a literary man who writes delicate little stories until his talent gives out and he cannot write another line. His wife despises him for his lack of vitality, and when he dies, the only thing he can do effectually, she marries a robust young man, full of energy, who gratifies her with the constant assurance that he is making a mark, a big, coarse mark, in the world.

The world cannot do without men who make a big, coarse mark; but they repelled Gissing's sensitive nature. He always spoke with a kind of mild abhorrence of Empire-builders, and all architects whose work did not display the finest grain. You see this attitude in his "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," far the most cheerful book he ever wrote. The burden of life, he held, pressed heavily upon everybody, although everybody would not admit it. The novelists disguised it as best they could, holding "make-believe" to be their professional duty. Gissing dissented from this view, and wrote his novels simply to delineate life as he saw it, and with no desire to please anyone. I remember asking him whether he took any artistic pleasure in writing; and he answered that when a book was written it was a load off his spirit: he never opened it again. But he could enter with delight into the fantasy of Dickens; and his critical studies of that great writer are full of sympathetic perception.

To brood over ineffectual lives, Gissing dwelt in the social deeps where they are submerged. To write that strangely impressive book, "In the Year of Jubilee," he must have spent a long time in the most unlovely atmosphere of Brixton. I can recommend the story to any reader who suffers from violent attacks of exuberant spirits in the New Year. It will sober him; and yet he will find that it has a weird magic of its own. Should it prove a little too depressing, let him correct it with an anecdote of Huxley, who was asked by a rather overpowering spinster for advice on the art of lecturing. Having learned beforehand that the theme of the lecture she was in the habit of delivering was intemperance, Huxley replied, "My dear Madam, there is only one thing needful. Saturate yourself with the subject!" I have known writers who went down into Gissing's nether world and tried to saturate themselves with his sorrows. They came up with lots of "copy," but the professional "make-believe" was over it all. In Gissing you have, first and last, the real thing.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S. In his new Japanese play, "The Darling of the Gods," for which two American authors, Messrs. David Belasco and John Luther Long, are responsible, Mr. Tree offers the most beautiful spectacle ever exhibited on his, and therefore practically on any English, stage. Such happily blended tints as adorn the costumes, the tapestries, the lacquered temple walls of His Majesty's Theatre furnish a feast of colour that never palls upon the appetite, that has all the charms of novelty and yet of restfulness. Not only this is there, but a most careful exposition of Japanese manners, etiquette, devotion, and art as piquant as it is strange. And still the story hidden under all these attractive externals, save that it deals pathetically with the comparatively recent suppression of the Samurai, turbulent sword-wearing clansmen, is quite Western—the old, familiar story of the man, the maid, and the villain, the hero all sense of honour, the girl all love, the villain all ambition. A positively melodramatic if strong plot this play has, borrowing even the torture-scene from Sardou's "Tosca," and possessing, too, a happy ending, although that is placed a thousand years hence in the Celestial Heaven. Mr. Tree finds little trouble in rendering admirably a part which is the implacable minister of "The Eternal City," over again in Eastern dress. Mr. Basil Gill shows off his fine presence and grand voice as the sombre hero, and Miss Lena Ashwell in the rôle of the luckless Yosan, though scarcely looking Japanese, has never assumed light-heartedness more prettily or sounded greater depths of emotion.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY," AT DRURY LANE.

Those croakers who have asserted that the vogue of pantomime is declining have been signally confuted this holiday time. Take the case of Drury Lane Theatre. Never in its history has such an enthusiastic Boxing Night audience assembled there as that which greeted Mr. Arthur Collins's latest Christmas annual. Various factors contributed to the uproarious geniality of the evening. Here was that favourite Cockney comedian, the inimitable Dan Leno, convulsing all beholders as a certain Queen Spritely just as though he had never had a serious illness. Here was Mr. Harry Randall justifying fully his reputation for humour in the part of "Little Mary," a cook who has the quaintest passage of arms with Mr. Leno's fault-finding mistress. Here were old friends like Mr. Herbert Campbell, broadly funny, whether as smileless or smiling King; Miss Marie George, the merriest of romps in search of a father; and, though before and not behind the footlights, Mr. James Glover, a conductor who revels in drum and brass. Finally, here was a production which in stage illustration of the vague "Humpty Dumpty" legend has been lavish not only of amusing comedians and lively music, but also of grand spectacle and dazzling costumes. The "City of Coral," with its wonderful effects of light and its brilliant harmonies of colour, is one of the greatest pictorial triumphs of the management, and even this is only one of many gorgeous scenes in a memorable pantomime.

"MADAME SHERRY," AT THE APOLLO.

The most noteworthy fact in connection with the production of Messrs. George Edwardes and Charles Frohman's new musical play, "Madame Sherry," libretto written by Maurice Ordonneau, and adapted by Charles E. Hands, music composed by Hugo Felix, was the success achieved on the first night by an understudy. Miss Hilda Moody was ill, and Miss Ruth Lincoln took her place, and as she attacked bravely alike English and French chansonnées, and acted wonderfully well for a novice, achieved by her innocent vivacity quite a big personal triumph. Next in order of merit should be mentioned M. Felix's music, which, albeit not too ambitious, has sufficient style about it to lift the play to the level of opéra comique. The story is the hackneyed sort of French farce, showing how, to secure an allowance from a rich Scotch uncle, a young man invents a whole imaginary family; but the fun is well sustained, and Mr. Louis Bradfield as the deceitful hero, Miss Florence St. John as a sham wife of the bourgeois type, and Miss Norma Whalley as an ardent amoret, work hard for an amusing play which was probably not so innocuous originally as in its English version.

FOUR CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

Pantomimes apart, London children will find plenty of entertainment, and charming entertainment, in four plays specially designed this Yuletide for their delectation. Certain sections of "Little Hans Andersen," the dainty opera which Mr. Basil Hood, as librettist, and Mr. Slaughter, as composer, have constructed out of Andersen tales, have already won general favour, and it is enough to say that, at Adelphi matinées, as interpreted by the old Savoy company and many youngsters, the whole appears more delightful than its parts. Then there is a revival of last year's popular adaptation of "The Water Babies" to be seen any afternoon at the Garrick, in which piece Miss Nellie Bowman still wins all hearts as the little boy sweep. Equally fascinating is the programme offered at Court matinées—to wit, dramatisations of the "Brer Rabbit" and "Snowdrop" stories—fascinating because the playwright, Mr. Philip Carr, has set out his themes with intuitive appreciation of child-nature, and because his youthful interpreters have, in Miss Alice D'Orme and Snowdrop's seven little men grown up, companions possessed of the right spirit of make-believe. Lastly, "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" figures twice daily at the New Theatre; and if there is too little seen of Alice, otherwise Miss Maidie Andrews; too much of somebody else—Mr. Algernon Newark; and if the latter's jokes and imitations reduce Alice to a lay figure in a variety entertainment, still even children will enjoy the animated toys, certain Lewis Carroll episodes, and the many dances—especially a cake-walk of two clever baby piccaninnies.

CRYSTAL PALACE, OLYMPIA, AND WORLD'S FAIR.
At the Crystal Palace, which has its usual circus with a sensational bicycle feat of "Flying the Flume," performed by Mdlle. Dutrien, there is also a pantomime devoted to "Dick Whittington," which Mr. Humphrey Brammall has resolved shall be full of fun, though he has also provided brilliant spectacle in a "Feast of Gold," illuminated with no fewer than a thousand electric lights. Meanwhile at Olympia, where a special cycle track has been laid out measuring nine laps to the mile, there is a National Sports Exhibition, which provides alternately boxing tournaments and athletic displays, as well as motor-races, pursuit-races, scratch handicaps, etc. And at the Islington Agricultural Hall is held the World's Fair, the performances in which include those of Wombwell's No. 1 Menagerie, Belle Stone's ascent of a spiral inside a globe, the exhibition of Linus (a horse with a long tail and a double mane), and much else that is astonishing.

"THE GOLDEN PRINCESS," ETC., AT THE HIPPODROME.
In the matter of spectacular splendour there is but one West-End rival to the London Hippodrome, and Mr. Moss's new Christmas entertainment, a fantasy entitled "The Golden Princess and the Elephant Hunters," need fear no comparisons as regards either the sensational character of its story or the luxuriance of its setting. The pretty fable which Miss Alicia Ramsey and Mr. Rudolph de Cordova recount is concerned with a Golden Princess who is imprisoned in an enchanted tower, with a Silver Prince who plans her rescue, and with an angry Maharajah who foils for a time their happiness; and very cleverly acted is this tale by Miss Hettie Chappell as the gallant hero, Mr. Morton Yorke as the Eastern potentate, and Mr. Hal Forde as a droll Duke of Brum. But the most startling and realistic feature of the production comes at the end, when big-game hunting is supposed to be resumed, and various elephants descend, trumpeting loudly, a vast chute into an expanse of water. Equally impressive is a marvellous procession of the Princess's suitors, seated on superbly arrayed camels, elephants, zebras, and ostriches, and escorted by a host of attendants, all in the most handsome costumes—a veritable blaze, this, of Oriental magnificence. Nor must the work of the corps-de-ballet be forgotten, especially a graceful nautch dance of "Eight English Roses"; while the mysterious monkey "Consul," the "lightning" calculator "Inaudi," and numerous other entertainers still contribute to the regular Hippodrome programme.

SIX SUBURBAN PANTOMIMES.

In Greater London pantomime has obviously recovered its popularity, but considerations of space only permit mention of six suburban pantomimes. "Blue Beard" reigns at two of the outlying houses, the Coronet and the Grand, Islington, and at the former theatre—where Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Winifred Hare make a handsome pair of Eastern lovers—the most notable characteristic is an elegant series of stage pictures, culminating in a marriage fete held in a "Palace of Roses"; while at Islington Mr. Fred Storey, in his well-known impersonation of Blue Beard, has the support of such acknowledged favourites as Mr. Harry Pleon and Miss Marie Loftus. "The Babes in the Wood" story forms the basis of a very merry show at the redecorated Pavilion, Mile End, and a novelty here is a highwayman hero, played dashingly by Miss Jessie Preston. At the Grand, Fulham, the subject is "Robinson Crusoe," and what with Mr. Trotter's melodious score, and Miss May Henderson's study of a black girl, and various comedians' drolleries and some fanciful scenery, the old yarn proves thoroughly diverting. No less sprightly is the Peckham Crown Theatre pantomime of "Red Riding-Hood," with Miss Alice Lloyd assuming the title-role, and a beautiful hall of flowers serving as *pièce de résistance*. And, of course, the Kennington playhouse, whereat Mr. T. E. Murray provokes constant laughter as Ali Baba, maintains its record for decorative refinement, good fun, capital dancing, and varied music in a bright and admirably staged version of the famous tale of "The Forty Thieves."

PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.
The Duke of Rutland has declared in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of tariff reform, while reserving his judgment as to the method of negotiation and bargaining with the Colonies, and with foreign countries. "Personally," he writes, "I should prefer direct legislation at Westminster, so retaining the key of the Exchequer in our own keeping." Lord Cowper, who is opposed to the policy of Protection, dissents from the action of the Duke of Devonshire as tending to break up the Unionist party. The Duke is to address a meeting of the Free Food League at Liverpool, which Sir John Wilcox, M.P., and Mr. Watson Rutherford, M.P., both supporters of Mr. Chamberlain, have declined to attend. In a letter to Sir John Wilcox, the chairman of the Liverpool branch of the League, Sir William Forwood, argues that he and his friends are loyal to Mr. Balfour, and that the Duke's advice to Unionists not to vote for Mr. Chamberlain's candidates is "the only way to keep the Government in office." Mr. Balfour does not appear to take this view, as he has welcomed the return of Dr. Rutherford Harris.

Mr. Deakin, the Australian Premier, denies that the Federal Government is opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Both Mr. Deakin and Mr. Watson, the leader of the Labour party, have signified strong approval of preferential trade. On the other hand, it is objected that the Australian idea of preference means no abatement of duties on British goods imported into the Commonwealth.

Our distinguished War Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, this week sails by the Cunard steamer *Umbria* on his way, via America and the Pacific, to Japan, on what may probably be his twenty-seventh war commission for this Journal. Mr. Melton Prior, who has seen fighting in every quarter of the globe, returned only a few months ago from active service in Somaliland.

MOHAWK MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS;
ST. JAMES'S HALL, P.C.C.D.H.L.Y. Twice Daily, at 3 and 8. Enormously successful Christmas Holiday Programme. Sixteen New Songs. Two New Sketches, &c. 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Children half price. Tickets at Whitehead's, and all Libraries.

OLYMPIA.

NATIONAL SPORTS EXHIBITION.—Now Open.

EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK—
GRAND BOXING TOURNAMENT.

£300 IN PRIZES.

Under direction of G. T. Dunning, Esq., and B. J. Angle, Esq.
COMPETITIONS, CONTESTS, and FINALS NIGHTLY.
AFTERNOONS: ATHLETIC DISPLAYS IN THE ARENA.
TWICE DAILY on the MAMMOTH TRACK (under N.C.U. Rules).—
Motor Racing, Motor Races, Pursuit Races, Scratch, Handicap, and International Races
by the World's Champions.

Grand Promenades. Splendid Bands. Numerous Side Shows. Popular Prices.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

The Comedies of Shakespeare; The Histories, Poems, and Sonnets of Shakespeare; The Tragedies of Shakespeare. Oxford Miniature Poets. (Frowde. 3s. 6d.)
Hernando de Soto. R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Heinemann)
The Art of Extra Illustration. J. M. Bulloch. The Collector's Library, No. 2. (Treherne. 2s. 6d.)
The Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. (Frowde. 2s. 5d.)
The Nile Quest. Sir Harry Johnston. (Lawrence and Bullen. 7s. 6d.)
From a Woman's Notebook. Mrs. E. T. Cook. (Allen. 5s.)
The Book of Italian Travel, 1580-1900. H. Neville Maughan. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)
From Paris to New York by Land. H. de Windt. (Newnes. 12s. 6d.)
The Arcadian Calendar. E. D. Cuming and J. A. Shepherd. (Newnes. 6s.)
Recollections of a Royal Academician. J. C. Horsley. (Murray. 12s.)
The Path of Empire. George Lynch. (Duckworth. 10s.)
Mors et Victoria. (Longmans. 5s.)
Racconti presi dalla "Divina Commedia." Eleanora Gualtieri. (Rivingtons. 2s. 6d.)
War Sketches in Colour. Captain S. G. St. Leger. (Black. 20s.)
Historical Studies. John Richard Green. (Macmillan. 4s.)
Stray Studies. John Richard Green. Second Series. (Macmillan. 4s.)
Love the Fiddler. Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann. 6s.)
Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances: A Study of the Ways of Birds and Other Animals Frequenting Indian Streets and Gardens. Lieutenant-Colonel D. D. Cunningham, C.I.E., F.R.S. (Murray. 12s.)
Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature, Vol. III. Edited by David Patrick, LL.D. New Edition. (Chambers. 10s. 6d.)
Old-Time Aldwych, the Kingsway, and Neighbourhood. Charles Gordon. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)
The Russian Advance. Albert J. Beveridge. (Harpers. 10s. 6d.)

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM!"

After the Royal Academy Painting by Wright Barker.

A Photogravure; engraved surface, 20 in. by 16 in. Artist's Proofs, limited to 200, £2 2s.; Proofs, £1 11s. 6d.; Prints, £1 1s. each. In Water-Colours, 10s. 6d. extra.

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

A Photogravure is now in course of production from the very fine Painting by H. J. Thaddeus, who was graciously accorded sittings for the Pope's first portrait.

The size of engraved surface is 13 in. by 18 in., and the price of the Artist's Proofs, limited to 300, is £2 2s. Ready about the end of January.

"GAME BIRDS ON THE WING."

After Archibald Thorburn.

A Set of Four Proofs in Photogravure (Pheasants, Grouse, Partridges, Blackgame) for £2. Size of engraved Surface, 16 in. by 11 in. In Water-Colours by hand, £4 the set, or £1 1s. each separately.

This is a Companion Set to our

"GAME BIRDS ON THE GROUND."

"HIS SHIP IN SIGHT."

After Marcus Stone, R.A.

An Edition of 100 Facsimile Proofs upon Satin, at £1 1s. each.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

INSPECTION INVITED.

PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, 198, STRAND, W.C.

ART AND HUMOUR.

"THE SKETCH" PORTFOLIO OF 32 PLATES.

Twelve by PHIL MAY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING (by Post, 1s. 3d.).

THE SKETCH OFFICE, 197, STRAND, W.C.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

HARWICH

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE.

HOOK OF HOLLAND—QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND

AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY.

Daily (Sundays included) at 8.30 p.m. from Liverpool Street Station.

NEW SERVICE TO BERLIN AND NORTH GERMANY.

ACCELERATED SERVICE TO DRESDEN AND VIENNA.

Through Carriages and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle.

ANTWERP, every Week-day, at 8.40 p.m., from Liverpool Street Station.

DIRECT SERVICE to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.

HAMBURG, by G. S. N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

ESBJERG, for Denmark and Scandinavia, by the Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL adjoins the London terminus.

Particulars from H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST R.Y.

| C | CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM— | | | | | |
|----------|--------------------------------|------|------|------|-------|-------|
| | B | C | D | E | F | G |
| VICTORIA | 9 25 | 10 5 | 11 0 | 11 5 | 11 15 | 12 15 |

B.—Sundays, Eastbourne, 10s. 1st Cl. C.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 12s. Worthing (Pullman to Brighton). D.—Brighton "Pullman Limited," Sundays, 12s. Brighton & Worthing. E.—Brighton & Worthing, Sundays, 10s. 1st; 12s. (Pullman to Brighton). F.—Eastbourne, Sundays, Pullman 12s. G.—Brighton, Sundays 10s. 1st; 12s. Pullman.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places from London & Suburban Stations, Fridays, Saturdays, & Sundays. Particulars of Supt. of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, and AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BONBAY, KURRACHEE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND THE WORLD TOURS.—For particulars apply at the London Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

WEST INDIES.

THE IMPERIAL DIRECT WEST INDIA MAIL SERVICE. BRISTOL TO KINGSTON (JAMAICA) FORTNIGHTLY.

R.M.S. "PORT ROYAL," Jan. 2. | R.M.S. "PORT ANTONIO," Jan. 16. Magnificent accommodation for Saloon and Second-Class Passengers. Fares moderate. For Passage or Freight apply to Hockie, Borman & Co., 14, Waterloo Place, S.W.; Thos. Cook & Son's; Sewell & Crowther, 18, Cocksper Street, S.W.; Alfred Jenkins & Co., Ltd., or to

ELDER DEMPSTER and Co., Liverpool, Bristol, London, and Manchester.

ORIENT - PACIFIC LINE PLEASURE CRUISES

TO TENERIFFE, WEST INDIES, &c.

The Steam-ship "ORIENT," 5031 tons' register, 7500-horse power, will leave LONDON, Jan. 13, visiting TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, JAMAICA, CUBA, MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, arriving back in London March 7.

Fares from 50 guineas upwards.

TO PALESTINE, EGYPT, &c.

The Steam-ship "CUZO," 3918 tons' register, 4000-horse power, will leave LONDON Feb. 9, visiting TANGER, PALMA, MARSEILLES, SYRACUSE, SANTORIN, RHODES, KAIRNA, BEYROUTH, PORT SAID, ALEXANDRIA, HAIFA, and NAPLES.

Fares from 40 guineas upwards. Other Cruises to follow. Managers { F. GREEN and CO. } Head Office: ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO. } Fenchurch Avenue. For PASSAGE apply to the latter firm at 5, FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON, E.C., or to West-End Branch Office: 28, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

Special Tours from £1 a Day By the Magnificent Mail Steamers of THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

For particulars apply—
18, Moorgate Street, or 29, Cockspur Street, London.

N.D.L. LUXURIOUS PLEASURE CRUISES.

The NORDDEUTSCHER-LLOYD EXPRESS New York Steamer, "Kaiserin Maria Theresa," twin-screw, 8,286 tons, will make three pleasure cruises, each of a month's duration, sailing from Southampton for the first on January 25, 1904. The itineraries have been fixed so as to include what is most attractive, both as to climate and sight-seeing, possible in the time. All arrangements for passengers' comfort will be of the highest order.

For particular apply to—
KELLER, WALLIS & CO., 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.; 2, King William Street, E.C.; or to the N.D.L. Paris Agency, 2, Rue Scribe.

EGYPT AND THE NILE.

ANGLO-AMERICAN NILE STEAMER AND HOTEL CO.,

Owners of the Newest and Best Appointed Steamers.

Passengers can now be booked through to

UGANDA, via KHARTOUM and FASHODA.

Twenty days' tour—CAIRO to FIRST CATARACT and BACK—visiting all Temples and Places of Interest at lowest inclusive fares.

Illustrated Programmes post free on application to 72, REGENT STREET, W.

WHERE TO WINTER.

BARRIATZ—GRAND HOTEL. Lift to every floor. Electric Light throughout. Charmingly situated facing the ocean. The climate is as mild and delightful as that of Nice and Italy. This splendid establishment, facing the sea and baths, the finest situation in the town, close to golf and lawn tennis, is the rendezvous of the English Colony. During the winter season the terms are from 10/- per day, according to floors occupied. All private rooms are carpeted. Great improvements have been introduced in the Grand Hotel. Entire house heated by calorifiers. A special omnibus meets the trains to convey visitors to the Grand Hotel.—Address, Mr. MONTENAT, Grand Hotel, Biarritz.

New Casino open all the winter.

CANNES.—Htl. Beau Site. Famous Tennis C

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE EMPEROR
FRANCIS JOSEPH.

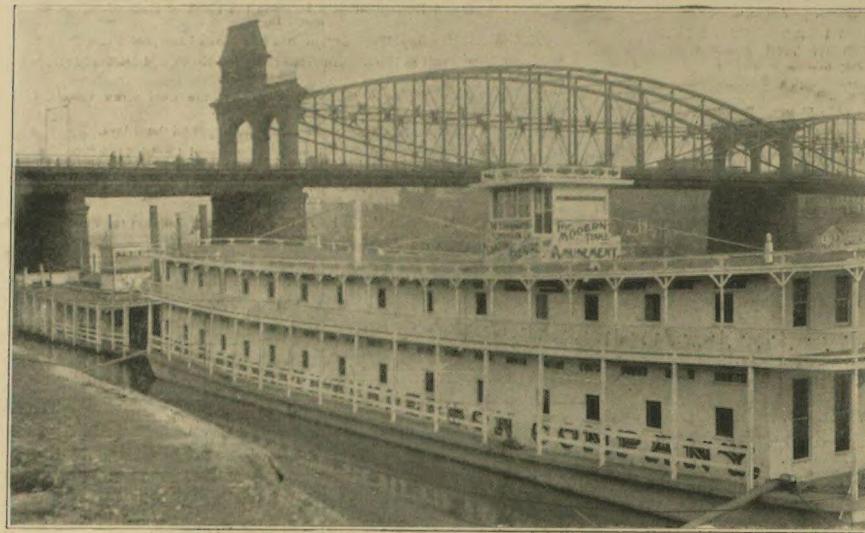
It is announced that the Emperor Francis Joseph will visit King Edward in the spring. This will complete the round of international courtesies which was begun by King Edward's tour last year, and has already

Power. With an immense force of well-drilled Manchus at her command, Russia could interpose an effective obstacle to the execution of that policy. This is not the least of the considerations which make a decisive struggle between Russia and Japan inevitable. It may be staved off, but if it be not now it is to come.

Japan still awaits a reply from Russia to its last communication requesting a reconsideration of the Russian position. On both sides the warlike preparations are

BRITISH NAVAL
PREPARATIONS.

The crisis in the Far East has brought its inevitable reflection in Admiralty orders, and the men of the Royal Fleet Reserve have been notified to send to headquarters an address at which a telegram will be sure to find them. These men are liable to be called out at twenty-four hours' notice. It must not be supposed, of course, that this points to any definite British movement in the present



THE EXTERIOR OF THE THEATRE.

A FLOATING THEATRE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

This aquatic temple of Thespis is towed from town to town, bringing the benefits of the drama to outlying districts where no regular theatre exists.

achieved such beneficent results in diplomacy. With the Austrian Empire this country has no outstanding differences. The particular note of criticism with which Berlin has made us familiar is never sounded at Vienna. In Palmerston's time, no doubt, the foreign policy of England was by no means relished by the Austrian Government. English sympathies with Hungary and Italy found expression in the popular welcome to Kossuth and Garibaldi, and the very different greeting which the draymen of Barclay and Perkins gave to General Haynau. But all this belongs to a period which must seem very ancient history to the Emperor Francis Joseph. No contemporary Sovereign has seen and suffered so much; and none is held in greater esteem. His visit will be one more proof that London is now the centre of a diplomacy which has done more for European peace than the statecraft which made the Triple Alliance. His Imperial Majesty has just had an awkward but not serious accident, occasioned by a slip on the stairs.

RUSSIA AND
MANCHURIA.

Whatever may happen in the Far East, it is certain that Russia will consolidate her position in Manchuria. This means a good deal more than some of her other acquisitions in Asia. Manchuria is a rich country, and its eighteen millions of Chinese are the most virile of their race. At present they cannot have very friendly feelings towards the conquerors; but as time goes on, it is probable that Russia will establish her rule so strongly as to draft the natives into her army, as we have drafted the fighting races of India. This must ensure a very formidable accession to her military resources. The Japanese are probably alive to this contingency, for they have as strong an objection to the presence of Russia in Manchuria as to her presence in Korea. They see that it strikes at their ambition to reorganise China, and to make Japan a great Asiatic

going on apace, and both Powers have placed large orders for supplies of meat with American firms. M. Nelidoff, the new Russian Ambassador in Paris, on his reception on Dec. 29 by President Loubet, said

crisis; but in the event of such a movement becoming necessary, the order is a proper precautionary measure. H.M.S. *King Alfred* sails this week for China, bearing a relief crew for the flag-ship *Glory*; and the *Euryalus*, which in the ordinary course will shortly be commissioned as flag-ship to the Australian Station, may possibly be stopped at Colombo and ordered to Chinese waters.

A DUTCH ART TREASURE DISCOVERED IN A FORFARSHIRE VILLAGE :
A PAINTING BY CUYP FOUND AT MONIKIE.

"The Betrothal," by Jacob Gerritsz Cuyp, the Dutch master, was about twenty-five years ago purchased for a few shillings and was forgotten. Jacob was the father of Albert Cuyp, and he flourished between 1594 and 1651 in Dordrecht.

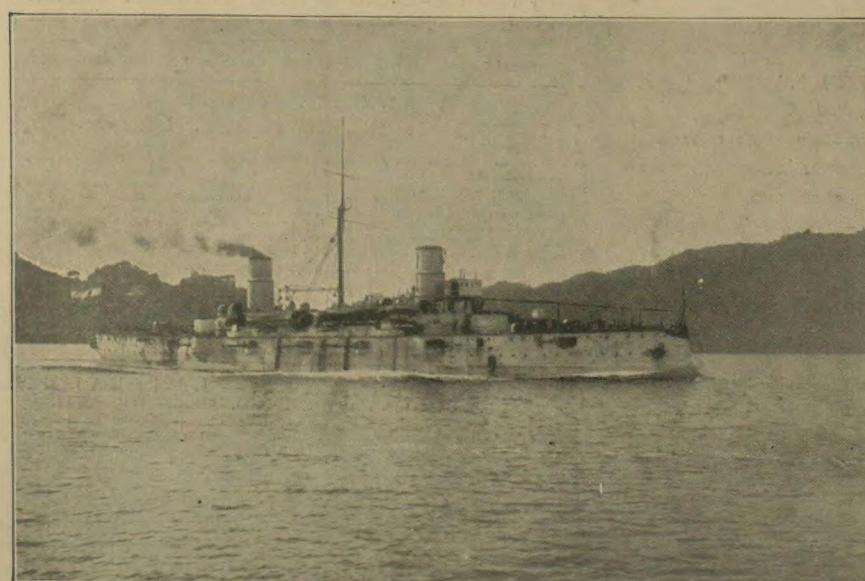
he regarded the Franco-Russian Alliance as a precious pledge for the maintenance of the world's peace. Russian diplomacy is, however, not above throwing dust in the eyes of the Powers with which it has to deal.

TWO MEN-OF-WAR, THE
MORENO AND THE
RIVADAVIA.

which have been building at Genoa for the Argentine Government, have been bought by an unknown purchaser. There is every reason to believe that the purchaser must either be Japan or Russia, and it is known that Japan just missed securing the two Chilean war-vessels which were recently acquired by Great Britain.

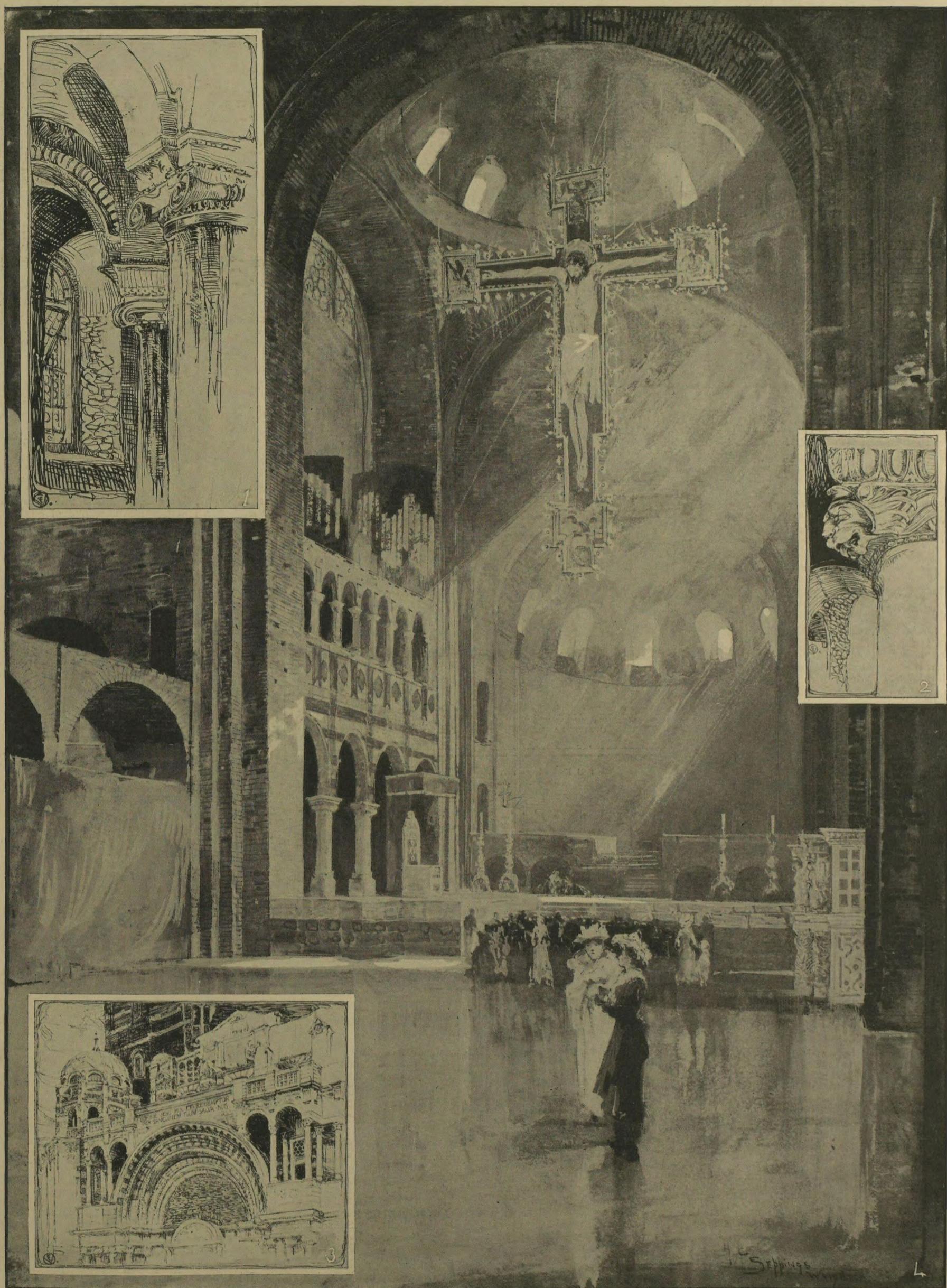
THE ENTHRONEMENT
AT WESTMINSTER.

With a ceremonial almost as elaborate as that of a Coronation, the Most Rev. Francis Bourne was enthroned on Dec. 29 as Archbishop of Westminster. The solemn rite was held in the new Cathedral, where the first High Mass was celebrated on Christmas Eve. The order of service was that which was used at Canterbury before the Reformation, and it included the investiture with the Pallium sent from Rome as the special symbol of the Archbishop's authority. This also is a custom dating from the days of St. Augustine. Formerly the Pallium, as its name implies, was a cloak; but of this only the ornamental border survives in the form of a stole of white wool made from the fleece of lambs which have been solemnly blessed at the Church of St. Agnes, in Rome, during the singing of the "Agnus Dei" at High Mass. The stoles are laid all night upon the Tomb of St. Peter, and are given by the Pope

THE PURCHASE OF ARGENTINE WAR-SHIPS : THE "MORENO," SISTER SHIP
TO THE "RIVADAVIA."THE STRANDING OF A BRITISH WAR-SHIP : H.M.S. "FLORA" ASHORE
ON DENMAN ISLAND, DECEMBER 2 (NOW REFLOATED).

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT WESTMINSTER.

DRAWING BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT; SMALL ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS BY F. HORSMAN VARLEY.



THE BYZANTINE RIVAL TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE SCENE OF THE ENTHRONEMENT OF ARCHBISHOP BOURNE ON DECEMBER 29.

1. ORNAMENTAL CAPITAL AND CHARACTERISTIC ARCHING
IN THE CRYPT.

2. CORNER OF A CAPITAL IN THE CRYPT.

3. THE MAIN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

4. THE INTERIOR, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE SACRARIUM WAS FINALLY
ARRANGED FOR THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

to Archbishops as a badge of his conferring upon them the fullness of the Pontifical office. The first part of the ceremony was taken up by the reception of the Archbishop by the Provost and Canons and the veneration of the Pallium, the whole concluding with High Mass.

ANOTHER SCAFELL ACCIDENT.

Dec. 26, and resulted in the death of Mr. Alexander Goodall, of Keswick. On the afternoon of Christmas Day Mr. Goodall and a friend had enjoyed a preliminary climb, and next day they met with the intention of climbing Scafell pinnacle from Lord's Rake by way of Slingsby's Chimney. From the summit they watched the sunset, and, on turning to descend, Mr. Goodall decided to slide down the ice, although his friend, Mr. Botterill, proposed that they should cut steps. Mr. Goodall had not gone far when he lost his ice-axe, and slipping to the edge of the precipice, he fell from a tremendous height and was instantly killed. Mr. Goodall, who was twenty-six years of age, was a correspondent of the local newspapers, and had forwarded to the Press many of the details of the last fatal accident.

THE ADVANCE IN TIBET.

The Indian troops who are advancing into Tibet have no easy task, and have to face intense cold and tracks which can only be called roads; but the temper of the troops is said to be admirable. The Tibetans have not yet shown fight, and their General, who earnestly entreated Colonel Younghusband to halt, finally retired to Phari. During the march through the Chumbi Valley the inhabitants and the minor Chinese officials, although surprised at the appearance of a British force, were very friendly, and supplied the column with fodder. The troops who escorted the original mission have returned from their camp at Khambo Jong to Sikkim. Brigadier-General Macdonald reached Phari about the middle of the month, and having left there a small garrison of Gurkhas, he returned to Chumbi the day before Christmas.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.

Princess Alexandra of Cumberland was officially announced at Gmunden on Dec. 20, a singularly appropriate date, inasmuch as it was the day before that of the silver wedding of the prospective bride's father and mother. Congratulations and presents were offered by the members of the upper Austrian aristocracy, the Town Council of Gmunden, the ladies of Gmunden, and various local societies.

SOMALILAND.

An engagement is reported from Badwein, where a party of the Mullah's forces has been driven off by the Tribal Horse. Two thousand Dervishes were also encountered, and the fight, which was stubborn, lasted three hours. The enemy is said to have lost eighty killed. Our casualties were slight. Captain Bisio, of the Italian Navy, having been informed that the Mullah is willing to come to terms and would negotiate through Italy, has gone to Obbia and has sent emissaries to the agitator. At the same time, Captain Bisio is on his guard, as he suspects that the intimation is simply a move of the Mullah's to gain time. The rebel leader admits that he is badly off for supplies, and he is no doubt anxious to have an opportunity of collecting them.

M. DELCASSÉ.

The speech of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Senate was an important statement of the European situation. It was significant that M. Delcassé declared Europe to be the chief sphere of French policy. That was a pretty broad hint that France will not oblige Germany by letting herself be drawn into any dangerous entanglement in the Far East. It is clear that whatever Russia may do to provoke China, the French Government will not regard itself as under any obligation to help Russia against China and Japan. That must be well understood at St. Petersburg, or M. Delcassé would not have spoken with such tranquil confidence about the stability of the Dual Alliance. He was equally emphatic in his testimony to the new understanding between France and England. "For our mutual welfare we have been able to invest our relations with England and Italy with the confidence and cordiality which had too long been lacking." There could not be much of this confidence and cordiality, so far as this country is concerned, if

M. Delcassé expected to be drawn by the Dual Alliance into Russia's quarrel with Japan. It would indeed be the height of absurdity if a compact of that kind could force France to endanger her vital interests in Europe for a cause that does not concern her in the least.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The death of Sir William Allan on Dec. 28 of last year, in addition to necessitating another bye-election, robbed the House of Commons of what it can ill afford to lose—a conscientious and eminently practical member, and an exceptionally picturesque personality. Sir William was truly architect of his own fortune. Born at Dundee on Nov. 29, 1837, with neither social nor monetary advantages, he owed every-



THE LATE MR. MASON JACKSON,
HISTORIAN OF ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.



THE LATE SIR H. BULLARD,
M.P. FOR NORWICH.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ALLAN,
M.P., IRONMASTER, AND POET.

thing to himself, little or nothing to outside assistance. "The world," he would say, "has been my chief educator, and men my books," and the energy with which he pursued the proper study of mankind was always evident. During the earlier part of his life he was a working engineer, and in that capacity served in the Royal Navy and the mercantile marine. On the outbreak of the Civil War in America he "signed on" as chief engineer of a blockade-runner—an escapade that ended in the vessel's capture by the Federals and a spell of confinement in the Old Capitol



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF CUMBERLAND.

THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Photo. Russell.

Photo. Hoffert.

Photo. Russell.

Photo. Hoffert.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.

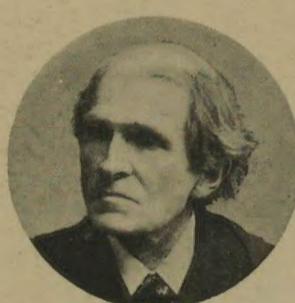
at Richmond. In due time he was released on parole, and, returning to England, settled in the North as manager of an engineering firm, where he ultimately became widely known in the triple rôle of ironmaster, politician, and poet. In the first capacity he founded the Scotia Engine-works at Sunderland, amalgamated a few years ago with Richardsons, Westgarth, and Co., of Hartlepool, and some ten years back gained a great deal of popularity upon the Tyne and the Wear by voluntarily introducing the eight hours' day at his works. As politician, the member for Gateshead was a "Radical Imperialist," and was perhaps best known



THE LATE MR. C. L. ORR-EWING,
M.P. FOR THE AYR BURGHGS.



THE LATE MR. E. A. FLOYER,
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN TELEGRAPHHS.



SIR J. C. BURDON-SANDERSON,
REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP OF MEDICINE, OXFORD.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE GISSING,
NOVELIST.

stories are pessimistic," he is reported to have said on one occasion, "it is only because my life is such. My environments were sordid, the people were sordid, and my work is but a reflection of it all." How true a reflection it is, many have been able, if unwilling, to judge. His first novel, "The Unclassed," was published when he was twenty-seven, and was followed by many others, culminating in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," recently issued. "New Grub Street," which, in 1891, first brought him into prominence, was written in six weeks, Mr. Gissing selling the books from his shelves to keep himself alive while he wrote it, and eventually disposing of the copyright for £150.

We regret to announce the death, on Dec. 29, of Mr. Mason Jackson, formerly a distinguished member of the staff of this Journal. Mr. Mason Jackson, a younger brother and pupil of the famous historian of wood-engraving, had during the 'fifties made himself a name by his wood-engravings for the Art Union of London, by his translations of Harvey's drawings for the "Arabian Nights," by those for "Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare," and by his work in *The Illustrated London News*. On the death of Mr. Herbert Ingram, in 1860, Mr. Mason Jackson joined the staff of this Journal as art editor, a position which he filled for more than thirty years with the greatest ability. Mr. Mason Jackson was entrusted with

the engraving of the ill-fated Richard Seymour's cover for the serial parts of "Pickwick." Some years ago he contributed to the *Sketch* an article describing the production of this historical block. Mr. Jackson was no less skilful with the graver than with the pen, and he has contributed to the history of the Press a monumental work tracing the rise and progress of illustrated journalism from its crudest beginnings to its present perfection. In private life Mr. Jackson was one of the most courteous and attractive of personalities, and his death, at an age well over eighty, is sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends.

Sir Henry Bullard, who died on Dec. 26 at the age of sixty-two, was one of the Conservative members for Norwich. He was first returned to the House of Commons at the General Election of 1885, but was unseated on petition. Ten years later he again contested the constituency, and was again head of the poll. At the last General Election he was returned unopposed. Born at Norwich in 1841, the late member was the son of Mr. Richard Bullard, the founder of a well-known brewery. He was knighted in 1887.

Mr. Charles Lindsay Orr-Ewing, the Conservative member of Parliament for the Ayr Burghs, who died on Dec. 24 at the age of forty-three, was the youngest son of Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, the first Baronet. Always keenly interested in military matters, he served for five years in the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, retiring with the rank of Captain in 1890. Five years later he won the Ayr Burghs, In 1900 he was returned with an increased majority. Mr. Orr-Ewing married Lady Augusta Boyle, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, in 1898.

Mr. Ernest Ayscough Foyer, Director-General of Egyptian Telegraphs, who died at Cairo recently, at the age of fifty-one, was educated at Charterhouse until his seventeenth year, when he received an appointment in the Indian Telegraph Service, which he held for seven years, until 1876, when he entered the service of the Khedive, in which he remained until his death. He was not the least distinguished of that band of able administrators who have brought back prosperity to Egypt, and his name is also known as that of a brave and intelligent explorer. In 1869 he penetrated that "Unexplored Baluchistan" which he described in a brightly written book, and in 1887 and 1891 he conducted important expeditions in the Eastern Desert of Egypt, between the Nile and the Red Sea, in the course of which he re-discovered the ancient emerald-mines of the Egyptians. He was an authority upon the physical character, history, inhabitants, botany, and economic resources of the Egyptian Deserts, and of late years devoted much attention to their development and to the reclamation by judicious planting of tracts of land lost to cultivation by the encroachment of drifting sand on the western borders of the Nile Delta.

Sir John Scott Burdon-Sanderson, M.A., D.M., Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, and Hon. Fellow of Magdalen, has placed his resignation of the professorship in the hands of the Vice-Chancellor. Professor Burdon-Sanderson, who was the first occupant of the Waynflete Chair of Physiology, to which he was appointed in 1883, was appointed to the Regius Professorship in 1895, upon the resignation of Sir Henry Acland.

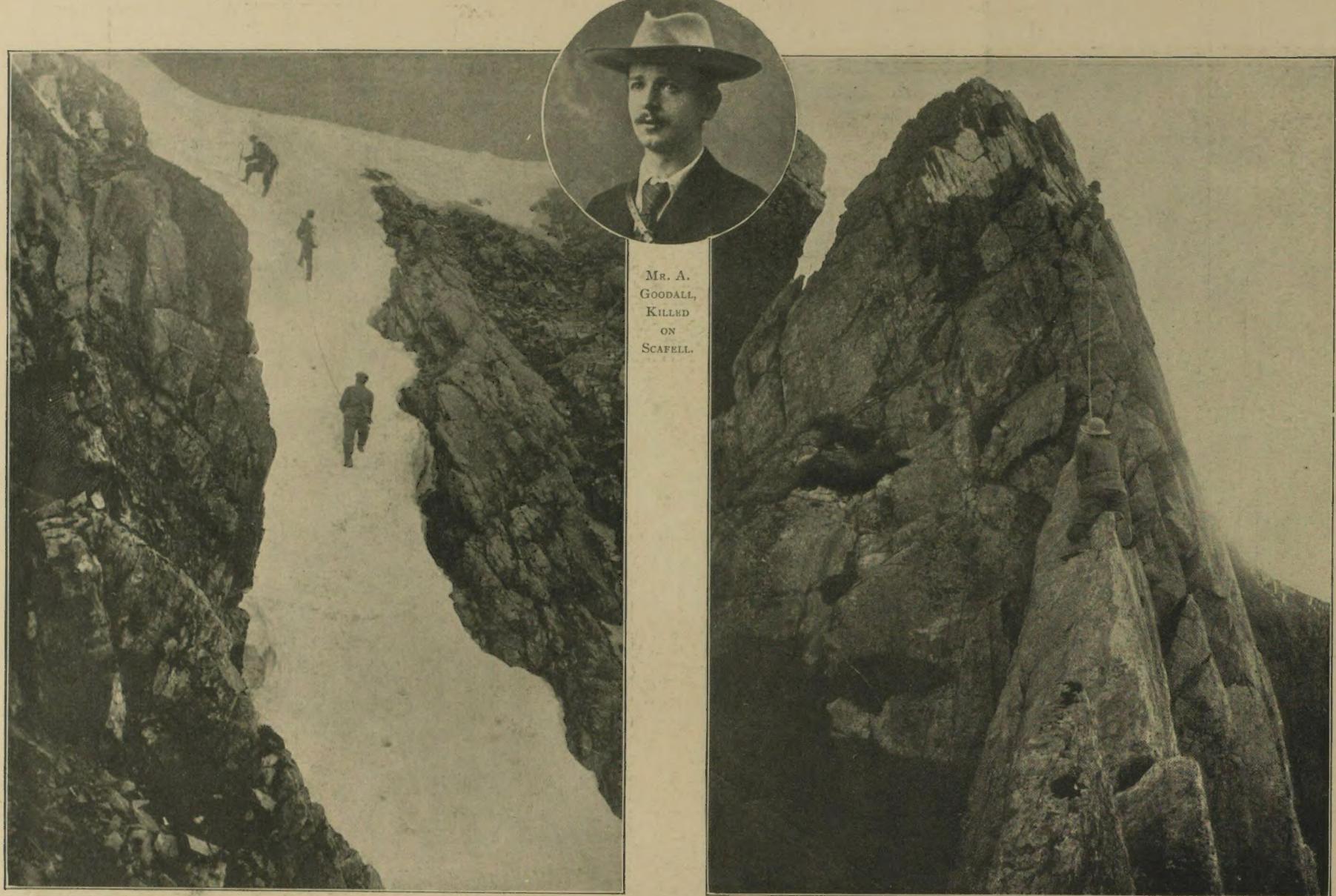
as the opponent of water-tube boilers. As poet—as poet he best liked to think of himself—he was prolific of simple, tuneful verse, and was the author of numerous volumes, notably, "Poems," "Heather Bells," "Sunset Songs," "Songs of Love and War," and "Lays of Leisure."

Mr. George Gissing, who died at St. Jean de la Luz on Dec. 28, at the early age of forty-six, may be likened to Dickens in that he chose the characters to set upon his stage from the middle and the lower middle classes; but he was a pessimist where Dickens was an optimist, and in these days of optimism—in the novel and on the stage, at all events—he failed, in consequence, to attract as large an audience as the thoughtful and painstaking quality of his work deserved. He himself readily acknowledged the greyness of his writings: "If my

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR'S CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.





THE SPOT WHERE MR. GOODALL SLIPPED: THE TOP OF DEEP GHYLL.

THE PINNACLE: SUMMIT OF SCAFELL.

THE PERILS OF BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING: THE VICTIM AND SCENE OF THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON SCAFFELL ON DECEMBER 26.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBRAHAN, KESWICK.



THE REIGN OF KING PANTOMIME: CHARACTERS FROM "HUMPTY DUMPTY," AT DRURY LANE.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

Saigon, Prince of Tosan
(Mr. S. A. Cookson).

Zakkuri, a Minister of State
(Mr. Tree).

Yo-San, Daughter of the Prince of Tosan
(Miss Lena Ashwell).



JAPAN ON THE STAGE.—THE NEW PLAY AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," ACT II., SCENE II.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

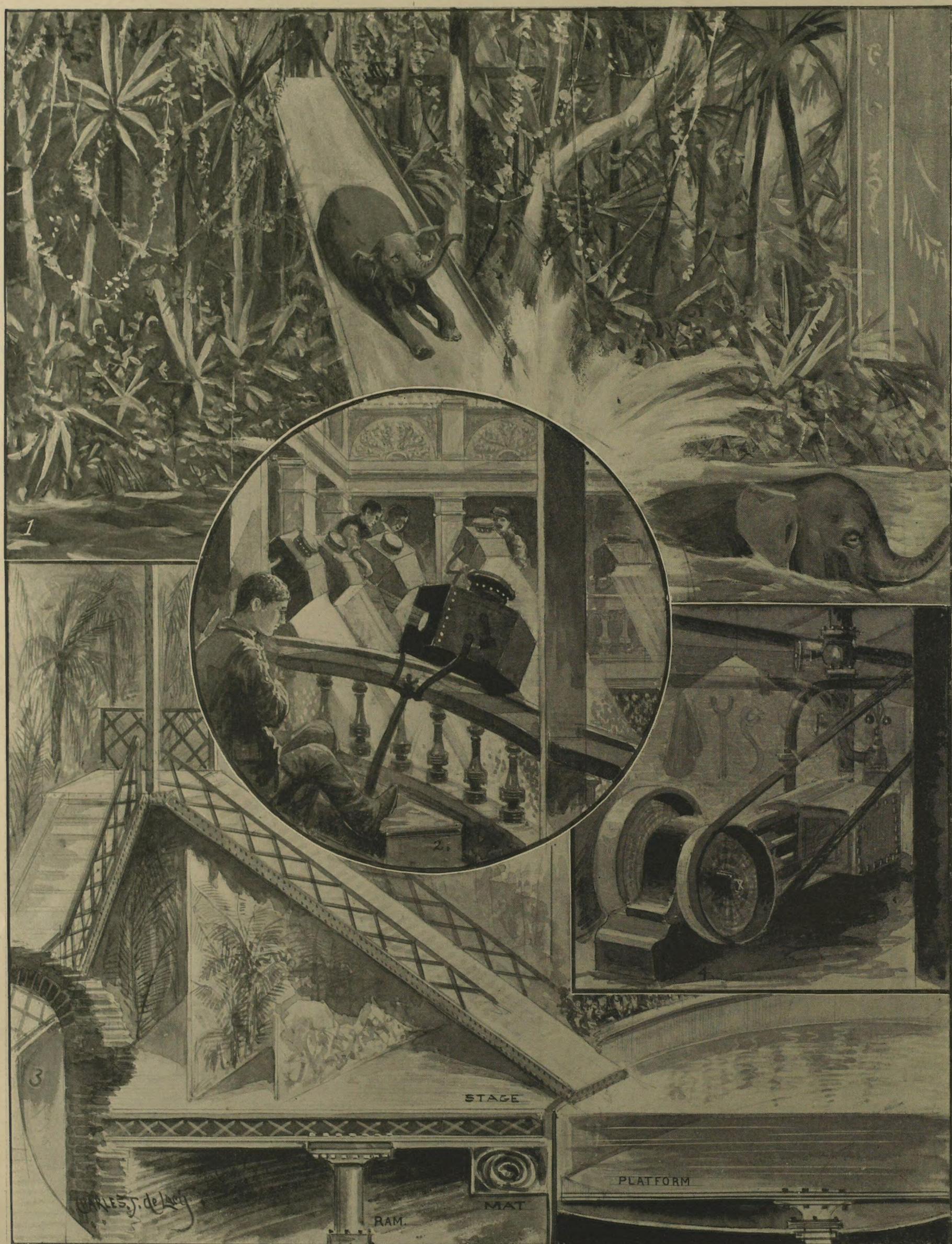


"SNOWDROP," AT THE COURT THEATRE: SNOWDROP (MISS ALICE D'ORME) FOUND IN A SWOON BY THE FAIRIES.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

SEASONABLE SCENES AT THE HIPPODROME: PERFORMANCES AND MECHANICAL DEVICES.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART AND C. DE LACY.



1. ELEPHANTS SHOOTING THE CHUTE.

2. THE ELECTRIC SUN LAMPS, FOR ILLUMINATING THE PERFORMANCE, PLACED 70 FT. ABOVE THE ARENA.

3. A SECTION OF THE STAGE AND THE ARENA LAKE, SHOWING

THE HYDRAULIC RAMS USED TO LOWER AND RAISE THE FLOOR OF THE ARENA BEFORE AND AFTER FLOODING.

4. THE VENTILATING MACHINERY: POWERFUL FANS DRAWING

THE AIR IN NEAR THE ROOF AND PASSING IT OVER PURIFYING MATS AND THROUGH WATER.

FOUR REPRESENTATIVE SUBURBAN PANTOMIMES

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



"BLUEBEARD," AT THE GRAND, ISLINGTON.

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"BLUEBEARD," AT THE CORONET.

"THE FORTY THIEVES," AT THE KENNINGTON.

A FAIRY PLAY AND A NEW COMIC OPERA

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



"LITTLE HANS ANDERSEN," AT THE ADELPHI.



"MADAME SHERRY," AT THE APOLLO.

FAIRY PLAYS AT THE THEATRES FOR CHILDREN.

DRAWINGS BY S. BEGG.



Rough (Master Taylor).

"THE WATER BABIES," AT THE GARRICK.

The Lobster Mr. Edward Rigby.

TOM (Miss Nellie Bowman): "Are these the water babies?"



The White Queen (Miss Constance Courtenay).

Alice (Miss Maidie Andrews).

"ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS," AT THE NEW THEATRE: A SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS.



The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER I.

"LE ROI EST MORT."

THREE, that's it. That's where they buried Frenchman," said Andrew—known as River Andrew. For there was another Andrew who earned his living on the sea.

River Andrew had conducted the two gentlemen from the Black Sailor to the churchyard by their own request. A message had been sent to him in the morning that this service would be required of him, to which he had returned the answer that they would have to wait until the evening. It was his day to go round Marshford way with dried fish, he said; but in the evening they could see the church, if they still set their minds on it.

River Andrew combined the light duties of grave-digger and clerk to the parish of Farlingford, in Suffolk, with a small but steady business in fish of his own drying, nets of his own netting, and pork slain and dressed by his own weather-beaten hands.

For Farlingford lies in that part of England which reaches seaward towards the Fatherland, and seems to have acquired from that proximity an insatiable appetite for sausages and pork. On these coasts, the killing of pigs and the manufacture of sausages would appear to employ the leisure of the few who, for one reason or another, have been deemed unfit for the sea. It is not our business to inquire why River Andrew had never used the fickle element. All that lay in the past. And in a degree he was saved from the disgrace of being a landsman by the smell of tar and blasters that heralded his coming, by the blue jersey and the brown homespun trousers which he wore all the week, and by the saving word which distinguished him from the poor inland lubbers who had no dealings with water at all.

He had this evening laid aside his old sou'wester—worn in fair and foul weather alike—for his Sunday hat. His head-part was therefore official, and lent additional value to the words recorded. He spoke them, moreover, with a dim note of aggressiveness, which might only have been racy of a soil breeding men who are curt and clear of speech. But there was more than an East-Anglian bluntness in the statement and the manner of its delivery, as his next observation at once explained.

"Passen thinks it's over there by the yew-tree—but he's wrong. That there one was a wash-up found by old Willem, the lighthouse-keeper, one morning early. No! this is where Frenchman was laid by."

He indicated with the toe of his sea-boot a crumbling grave which had never been distinguished by a headstone. The grass grew high all over Farlingford Churchyard, almost hiding the mounds where the forefathers slept side by side with the nameless "wash-ups" to whom they had extended a last hospitality.

River Andrew had addressed his few remarks to the younger of his two companions, a well-dressed, smartly set-up man of forty or thereabouts, who in turn translated the gist of them into French for the information of his senior, a little white-haired gentleman whom he called "Monsieur le Marquis."

He spoke glibly enough in either tongue, with a certain indifference of manner, however. This was essentially a man of cities, and one better suited to the pavement than the rural quiet of Farlingford. To have the gift of tongues is no great recommendation to the British-born, and River Andrew looked astir at this fine gentleman while he spoke French. He had received letters at the Post Office under the name of Dormer Colville—a name not unknown in London and Paris, but of which the social fame had failed to travel even to Ipswich, twenty miles away from this mouldering churchyard.

"It's getting on for twenty-five years come Michaelmas," put in River Andrew. "I wasn't digger then; but I remember the burial well enough. And I remember Frenchman—same as if I see him yesterday."

He plucked a blade of grass from the grave and placed it between his teeth.

"He were a mystery, he were," he added darkly, and turned to look musingly across the marshes towards the distant sea. For River Andrew, like many hawkers of cheap wares, knew the indirect commercial value of news.

The little white-haired Frenchman made a gesture of the shoulders and outspread hands indicative of a pious horror at the condition of this neglected grave. The meaning of his attitude was so obvious that River Andrew shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Passen," he said, "he don't take no account of the graves. He's what you might call a bookworm—always a-sitting indoors reading books and pictures. Butcher Franks turns his sheep in from time to time; but along of these tempests and the hot sun the grass has shot up a bit. Frenchman's no worse off than others. And there's some as are fallen in altogether."

He indicated one or two graves where the mound had sunk and suggestive hollows were visible in the grass.

"First it's the coffin that busts in beneath the weight—then it's the bones," he added, with that grim realism which is begotten of familiarity.

Dormer Colville did not trouble to translate these general truths. He suppressed a yawn as he contemplated the tottering headstones of certain master-mariners and Trinity pilots taking their long rest in the immediate vicinity. The churchyard lay on the slope of rising ground upon which the village of Farlingford straggled upwards in one long street. Farlingford had once been a town of some commercial prosperity. Its story was the story of half-a-dozen ports on this coast—a harbour silted up, a commerce absorbed by a more prosperous neighbour nearer to the railway.

Below the churchyard was the wide street which took a turn eastward at the gates and led straight down to the riverside. Farlingford Quay—a little colony of warehouses and tarred huts—was separated from Farlingford proper by a green where the water glistened at high tide. In olden days the Freemen of Farlingford had been privileged to graze their horses on the green. In these later times the lord of the manor pretended to certain rights over the pasture which Farlingford like one man denied him.

"A mystery," repeated River Andrew, waiting very clearly for Mr. Dormer Colville to translate the suggestive word to the French gentleman. But Dormer Colville only yawned. "And there's few in Farlingford as knew Frenchman as well as I did."

Mr. Colville walked towards the church porch, which seemed to appeal to his sense of the artistic, for he studied the Norman work with the eye of a connoisseur. He was evidently a cultured man, more interested in a work of art than in human story.

River Andrew, seeing him depart, jingled the keys which he carried in his hand, and glanced impatiently towards the older man. The Marquis de Gemosac, however, ignored the sound as completely as he had ignored River Andrew's remarks. He was looking round him with eyes which had once been dark and bright, and were now dimly yellow. He looked from tomb to tomb, vainly seeking one that should be distinguished, if only by the evidence of a little care

at the hands of the living. He looked down the wide grass-grown street—partly paved, after the manner of the Netherlands—towards the quay, where the brown river gleamed between the walls of the weather-beaten brick buildings. There was a ship lying at the wharf, half laden with hay; a coasting craft from some of the greater tidal rivers, the Orwell or the Blackwater. A man was sitting on a piece of timber on the quay, smoking as he looked seawards. But there was no one else in sight, for Farlingford was half depopulated and it was tea-time. Across the river lay the marshes, unbroken by tree or hedge, barren of even so much as a hut. In the distance, hazy and grey in the eye of the North Sea, a lighthouse stood dimly, like a pillar of smoke. To the south, so far as the eye could pierce the sea-haze—marshes. To the north, where the river ran between bare dykes—marshes.

And withal a silence which was only intensified by the steady hum of the wind through the gnarled branches of the few churchyard trees which turned a crouching back towards the ocean.

In all the world—save perhaps in the Arctic world—it would be hard to find a picture emphasising more clearly the fact that a man's life is but a small matter, and the memory of it like the seed of grass upon the wind, to be blown away and no more recalled.

The bearer of one of the great names of France stood knee-deep in the sun-tanned grass and looked slowly round, as if seeking to imprint the scene upon his memory. He turned to glance at the crumbling church behind him, built long ago by men speaking the language in which his own thoughts found shape. He looked slowly from end to end of the ill-kept burial-ground crowded with the bones of the nameless and insignificant dead, who, after a life passed in the daily struggle to wrest a sufficiency of food from a barren soil or the greater struggle to hold their own against a greedy sea, had faded from the memory of the living, leaving naught behind them but a little mound where the butcher put his sheep to graze.

Monsieur de Gemosac was so absorbed in his reflections that he seemed to forget his surroundings, and stood above the grave pointed out to him by River Andrew, oblivious to the cold wind that blew in from the sea, deaf to the clink of the sexton's inviting keys, forgetful of his companion, who stood patiently waiting within the porch. De Gemosac was a little bent man, spare of limb, heavy of shoulder, with snow-white hair, against which his skin, brown and wrinkled, as a walnut-shell, looked sallow, like old ivory. His face was small and aquiline—not the face of a clever man, but clearly the face of an aristocrat. He had the grand manner too, and that quiet air of self-absorption which usually envelops the bearers of historic names.

Dormer Colville watched him with a good-natured patience which pointed, as clearly as his attitude and yawning indifference, to the fact that he was not at Farlingford for his own amusement.

Presently he lounged back again towards the Marquis and stood behind him.

"The wind is cold, Marquis," he said pleasantly. "One of the coldest spots in England. What would Mademoiselle say if I allowed you to take a chill?"

Monsieur de Gemosac turned and looked at him over his shoulder with a smile full of pathetic meaning. He spread out his arms in a gesture indicative of horror at the bleakness of the surroundings, at the mournfulness of the decaying village, the dreary hopelessness of the mouldering church and tombs.

"I was thinking, my friend," he said. "That was all. It is not surprising . . . that one should think."

Colville heaved a sigh and said nothing. He was, it seemed, essentially a sympathetic man; not of a thoughtful habit himself, but tolerant of thought in others. It was abominably windy and cold, although the corn was beginning to ripen; but he did not complain. Neither did he desire to hurry his companion in any way.

He looked at the crumbling grave with a passing shadow in his clever and worldly eyes, and composed himself to await his friend's pleasure.

In his way he must have been a philosopher. His attitude did not suggest that he was bored, and yet it

was obvious that he was eminently out of place in this remote spot. He had nothing in common, for instance, with River Andrew, and politely yawned that reminiscent fish-curer into silence. His very clothes were of a cut and fashion never before seen in Farlingford. He wore them, too, with an air rarely assumed even in the streets of Ipswich.

Men still dressed with care at this time, for D'Orsay was not yet dead, though his fame was tarnished. Mr. Dormer Colville was not a dandy, however. He was too clever to go to that extreme, and too wise not to be within reach of it in an age when great tailors were great men, and it was quite easy to make a reputation by clothes alone.

Not only was his dress too fine for Farlingford, but his personality was not in tune with this forgotten end of England. His movements were too quick for a slow-moving race of men—no fools, and wiser than their Midland brethren; slow, because they had yet to make sure that a better way of life had been discovered than that way in which their Saxon forefathers had always walked.

Dormer Colville looked at the world with an exploiting eye. He had a speculative mind. Had he lived at the end of the Victorian era instead of the beginning he might have been a notable financier. His quick glance took in all Farlingford in one comprehensive verdict. There was nothing to be made of it.

"Farlingford's his nation," they said of him down at the quay. "Born and bred here, man and boy. He's not likely to put her into a Thames dry-dock while the slipway's standing empty."

All the village gossips naturally connected the arrival of the two gentlemen from London with the expected return of *The Last Hope*. Captain Clubbe was known to have commercial relations with France. It was currently reported that he could speak the language. No one could tell the number of his voyages backwards and forwards from the Bay to Bristol, to Yarmouth, and even to Bergen, carrying salt fish to those countries where their religion bids them eat that which they cannot supply from their own waters, and bringing back wine from Bordeaux and brandy from Charente.

It is not etiquette, however, on these wind-swept coasts to inquire too closely into a man's business, and, as in other places, the talk was mostly among those who knew the least—namely, the women. There had been a question of repairing the church. The generation now slowly finding its way to its precincts had discussed the matter since their childhood, and nothing had come of it.

One bold spirit put forth the suggestion that the two gentlemen were London architects sent down by the Queen to see to the church. But the idea fell to the ground before the assurance from Mrs. Clopton's own lips that the old gentleman was nothing but a Frenchman.

Mrs. Clopton kept the Black Sailor, and knew a deal more than she

keep strictly within the limits of acquaintanceship. To Mr. Dormer Colville they gave the upward lift of the chin as to a person too facile in speech to be desirable.

The dumbness of the Marquis de Gemosac appealed perhaps to a race of seafaring men very sparingly provided by nature with words in which to clothe thoughts no less solid and sensible by reason of their terseness. It was at all events unanimously decided that everything should be done to make the foreigner welcome until the arrival of *The Last Hope*. A similar unanimity characterised the decision that he must, without delay, be shown Frenchman's grave.

River Andrew's action and the unprecedented display of his Sunday hat on a week-day were nothing but the outcome of a deep-laid scheme. Mrs. Clopton had been instructed to recommend the gentlemen to inspect the church, and the rest had been left to the wit of River Andrew, a man whose calling took him far and wide, and gave him opportunities of speech with gentlefolk.

These opportunities tempted River Andrew to go beyond his instructions so far as to hint that he could, if encouraged, make disclosures of interest respecting Frenchman. Which was untrue; for River Andrew knew no more than the rest of Farlingford of a man who, having been literally cast up by the sea at their gates, had lived his life within those gates, had married a Farlingford woman, and had at last gone the way of all Farlingford without telling any who or what he was.

From sundry open cottage doors and well-laden tea-tables glances of inquiry were directed towards the strangers' faces as they walked down the street after having viewed the church. Some prescient females went so far as to state that they could see quite distinctly in the elder gentleman's demeanour a sense of comfort and consolation at the knowledge thus tactfully conveyed to him that he was not the first of his kind to be seen in Farlingford.

Hard upon the heels of the visitors followed River Andrew, wearing his sou'wester now, and carrying the news that *The Last Hope* was coming up on the top of the tide.



"Passen thinks it's over there by the yew-tree—but he's wrong."

It was uninteresting because it obviously had no future, nor encouraged any enterprise. He looked across the marshes indifferently, following the line of the river as it made its devious way between high dykes to the sea. And suddenly his eye lighted. There was a sail to the south. A schooner was standing in to the river-mouth, her sails glowing rosily in the last of the sunset light.

Colville turned to see whether River Andrew had noticed, and saw that landsman looking skyward with an eye that seemed to foretell the early demise of a favouring wind.

"That's *The Last Hope*," he said, in answer to Dormer Colville's question. "And it will take all Seth Clubbe's seamanship to save the tide. *The Last Hope*! There's many a *Hope* built at Farlingford, and that's the last; for the yard is closed and there's no more building now."

The Marquis de Gemosac had turned away from the grave, but as Colville approached him he looked back to it with a shake of the head.

"After eight centuries of splendour, my friend," he said. "Can that be the end—that?"

"It is not the end," answered Colville cheerfully. "It is only the end of a chapter. *Le Roi est mort... vive le Roi!*"

He pointed with his stick as he spoke to the schooner creeping in between the dykes.

CHAPTER II.

"VIVE LE ROI!"

The Last Hope had been expected for some days. It was known in Farlingford that she was foul, and that Captain Clubbe had decided to put her on the slipway at the end of the next voyage. Captain Clubbe was a Farlingford man. *The Last Hope* was a Farlingford-built ship, and Seth Clubbe was not the captain to go past his own port for the sake of saving a few pounds.

was ready to tell people; which is tantamount to saying that she was a woman in a thousand. It had leaked out, however, that the spokesman of the party, Mr. Dormer Colville, had asked Mrs. Clopton whether it was true that there was claret in the cellars of the Black Sailor. "And anyone having doubts could satisfy himself with a 'sight' of the empty bottles, all mouldy, standing in the back-yard of the inn.

They were wine-merchants from France, concluded the wiseacres of Farlingford over their evening beer. They had come to Farlingford to see Captain Clubbe. What could be more natural! For Farlingford was proud of Captain Clubbe. It so often happens that a man going out into the world and making a great name there forgets his birthplace and the rightful claim to a gleam of reflected glory which the relations of a great man (who have themselves stayed at home and done nothing) are always ready to consider their due reward for having shaken their heads over him during the earlier struggles.

Though slow of tongue, the men of Farlingford were of hospitable inclination. They were sorry for Frenchmen, as for a race destined to smart for all time under the recollection of many disastrous defeats at sea. And, of course, they could not help being ridiculous. Heaven had made them like that, while depriving them of any hope of ever attaining to good seamanship. Here was a foreigner, however, cast up in their midst; not by the usual channel, indeed, but by a carriage and pair from Ipswich. He must feel lonesome, they thought, and strange. They therefore made an effort to set him at his ease, and when they met him in "the street" jerked their heads at him sideways. The upward jerk is less friendly, and usually denotes the desire to

Farlingford lies four miles from the mouth of the river, and no ship can well arrive unexpected at the quay; for the whole village may see her tacking up under shortened sail, heading all ways, sometimes close-hauled and now running free as she follows the zigzags of the river.

Thus, from the open door, the villagers calculated the chances of being able to finish the evening meal at leisure and still be down at the quay in time to see Seth Clubbe bring his ship alongside. One by one the men of Farlingford, pipe in mouth, went towards the river, not forgetting the kindly sideward jerk of the head for the old Frenchman already waiting there.

It was nearly the top of the tide, and the clear green water swelled and gurgled round the weedy piles of the quay, bringing on its surface tokens from the sea—shadowy jelly-fish, weed, and froth. *The Last Hope* was quite close at hand now, swinging up in mid-stream. The sun had set, and over the marshes the quiet of evening brooded hazily. Captain Clubbe had taken in all sail except a jib. His anchor was swinging lazily overside, ready to drop. The watchers on the quay could note the gentle rise and fall of the crank little vessel as the tide lifted her from behind. She seemed to be dancing to her home like a maiden back from school. The swing of her tapering masts spoke of the heaving seas she had left behind.

It was characteristic of Farlingford that no one spoke. River Andrew was already in his boat, ready to lend a hand should Captain Clubbe wish to send a rope ashore. But it was obvious that the captain meant to anchor in the stream for the night—so obvious that if anyone on shore had mentioned the

conclusion, his speech would have called for nothing but a contemptuous glance from the steady blue eyes all round him.

It was equally characteristic of a Farlingford ship that there were no greetings from the deck. Those on shore could clearly perceive the burly form of Captain Clubbe standing by the weather-rigging. Wives could distinguish their husbands and girls their lovers, but as these were attending to their business with a taciturn concentration, no hand was raised in salutation.

The wind had dropped now, for these are coasts of quiet nights and boisterous days. The tide was almost

Not only were the words incongruous, with their quaint, sadly gay air of a dead epoch of music and poetry, but the voice was in startling contrast to the tones of a gruff and slow-speaking people. For it was a clear tenor voice with a ring of emotion in it, half laughter, half tears, such as no Briton could compass himself or hear in another without a dumb feeling of shame and shyness.

But those who heard it on the shore—and all Farlingford was there by this time—only laughed curtly. Some of the women exchanged a glance and made imperfectly developed gestures as of a tolerance

His affable eyes made a round of the watching faces, and even exchanged a sympathetic smile with some, as if to hint that his clothes were only fine because he belonged to a fine generation, but that his heart was as human as any beating under a homelier coat.

"There's Passen," said one woman to another, behind the corner of her apron, within Colville's hearing. "It takes a deal to bring him out o' doors nowadays, and little Sep and . . . Miss Miriam."

Dormer Colville heard the words. And he heard



*The watchers on the quay
could note the gentle rise and
fall of the crank little vessel.*

slack. *The Last Hope* was scarcely moving, and in the shadowy light looked like a phantom ship sailing out of a dreamy sunset sky.

Suddenly the silence was broken, so unexpectedly, so dramatically, that the old Frenchman, to whose nature such effects would naturally appeal with a lightning speed, rose to his feet and stood looking with startled eyes towards the ship. A clear, strong voice had broken joyously into song, and the words it sang were French—

"C'est le Hasard,
Qui, tôt ou tard,
Ici bas nous seconde;
Car,
D'un bout du monde
A l'autre bout,
Le Hasard seul fait tout."

understood between mothers for anything that is young and inconsequential.

"We've gotten Loo Barebone back, at any rate," said a man bearing the reputation of a wit. And after a long pause one or two appreciators answered—

"You're right," and laughed good-humouredly.

The Marquis de Gemosac sat down again, with a certain effort at self-control, on the baulk of timber which had been used by some generations of tide-watchers. He turned and exchanged a glance with Dormer Colville, who stood at his side leaning on his gold-headed cane. Colville's expression seemed to say—

"I told you what it would be. But wait—there is more to come."

something unspoken in the pause before the mention of the last name. He did not look at once in the direction indicated by a jerk of the speaker's thumb, but waited until a change of position enabled him to turn his head without undue curiosity. He threw back his shoulders and stretched his legs after the manner of one cramped by standing too long in one attitude.

A hundred yards farther up the river, where the dyke was wider, a grey-haired man was walking slowly towards the quay. In front of him a boy of ten years was endeavouring to drag a young girl towards the jetty at a quicker pace than she desired. She was laughing at his impetuosity and looking back towards the man, who followed with the abstraction and indifference of a student.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR-CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST: THE THREATENED RUSSO-JAPANESE HOSTILITIES.

THE MAP REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS"; THE DRAWINGS BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



JAPAN.
FIELD ARTILLERY.
CAVALRYMAN.
INFANTRY, SKIRMISHING.

MAP OF THE PROBABLE SCENE OF OPERATIONS
AND TYPES OF THE SOLDIERY OF THE RIVAL
NATIONS.

RUSSIA.
COSSACK OF THE LINE.
DRAGOON.
FIELD ARTILLERY.



THE WAR-CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST.—THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF MANCHURIA. A MUSCOVITE NATIONAL DANCE IN THE STREETS OF A MANCHURIAN TOWN.

DRAWN BY R. CAJON WOODVILLE.

The scene is typical of the Chinese towns now in the occupation of the Czar. In many of the towns, notably Mukden, the troops occupy the palaces, temples and gateways, and everywhere are to be seen mounted and dismounted Cossacks. In many places the electric light has been installed, and these modern improvements contrast curiously with the more primitive methods of the Chinese civilisation.

THE WAR-CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST: JAPAN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.

DEPARTMENT OF WAR.

Takasago.

Azuma.

Asama.

Yukio.

F.M.



THE WAR-CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST: RUSSIA'S NAVAL STRENGTH.

Askold.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



Pobieda.

Sissoi Veliki.

Russia.

Oslavya.

Sevastopol.

TYPES OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

My Poor Relations. By Maarten Maartens. (London: Constable. 6s.)
After Worcester Flight. By Allan Fea. (London: Lane. 15s. net.)
The Kindred of the Wild. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. (London: Duckworth.)
The Story of Seville. By Walter M. Gallichan. Mediæval Towns Series. (London: Dent.)
A Court in Exile: Charles Edward Stuart and the Romance of the Countess d'Albanie. By the Marchesa Vitelleschi (née the Hon. Amy Cochrane-Baillie). Two vols. (London: Hutchinson.)
A Short History of Ancient Peoples. By Dr. Robinson Souttar. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

"He will recover," said the half-a-dozen doctors assembled in solemn conclave around his bed. So he died." In this way Mr. Maarten Maartens begins one of the stories in his latest volume, and it is curiously illustrative of his method. One might be tempted, in consequence, to call it cynical; but that would be superficial criticism. He is evidently not a cynic; as is shown by the didactic intention of his work, and his belief in the power to improve, which lies in the pointing of a moral. He is, on the contrary, a sentimental—though in an inverted kind of way. For whereas the sentimental novelist usually works his bright and shining pattern of virtue upon a rosy ground, Maarten Maartens' highest lights are frequently drab, and his groundwork more often than not unmitigatedly black. The method is not new, of course, but we remember no one writing stories at present who uses it so consistently. And, in the result, his eye for the underside of poor human nature is becoming keener by practice. In one of these stories, named "Tom Potter's Pilgrimage," the hero is a poverty-stricken and decrepit old man of eighty-five. Our sympathies are enlisted for him because of his years, which are surely full enough; yet when he comes to write a begging letter, he says he is ninety! The point is made quietly, without any insistence, and will be missed by a careless reader, and it illustrates our author's alertness in this particular direction. Indeed, we do not think that Maarten Maartens has ever made a greater display of his undoubted gifts than in these studies of his "poor relations," who are, of course, the peasants of Holland.

His Blessed Majesty Charles II., were he able to contemplate the output of recent books, would doubtless view with benevolent amusement the untiring labours of Mr. Allan Fea in searching out the smallest details of his happy deliverance. We now have a companion volume to "The Flight of the King," containing, besides odd jottings and notes, a reprint of the five "Boscobel Tracts." The tracts themselves—contemporary narratives of the King's escape, one purporting to be dictated by his Majesty—are interesting, and some of the illustrations in this handsome book are excellent. But perhaps to most of us the story hardly needed such elaborate presentment. Still, the journey from Worcester to Brightelmstone was a remarkable one. Is Royal Oak Day still celebrated? Twenty years ago it was loyally observed in the city of York, and doubtless elsewhere. We hope Mr. Fea's work will revive the cult. For the gaiety of nations had suffered an untimely eclipse had the troopers penetrated the secret of the King's oak.

"The Kindred of the Wild" differs from its near namesake, "The Call of the Wild," with which it inevitably challenges comparison, in many ways, and in none more than in lacking that entire humanising of the animal that is the very keynote of Mr. London's story, as it was of the "Mowgli" stories. Mr. Roberts, of choice as well as necessity, regards these latter tales as a climax in literature, but not as the climax in the particular genre to which he devotes his book. Arguing that "the motives of real animals, so far as we have hitherto been able to judge them, seem to be essentially simple, in the sense that the motive dominant at a given moment quite obliterates, for the time, all secondary motives," Mr. Roberts himself prefers to portray the natural animal, its animal instincts, animal passions, animal fear. He is eminently successful. The strong sense of "atmosphere" shadowed in "Barbara Ladd" becomes substance in this book. The descriptive power of the novelist is wedded to the intimate knowledge of the naturalist, and the result is a series of admirable studies that make the imagination slave to the glamour of the wild, the whole awe-inspiring mystery of life in the open. In particular, "The Lord of the Air," "Wild Motherhood," "The Homesickness of Kehonka," "Savoury Meats," and "The King of the Mamozekel" are excellent; in general, there is not a single story in the book that will not repay the reading. To compare one with another, indeed, would be superfluous.

Messrs. Dent and Co. have added Seville to their series of mediæval towns. The book has been compiled by Mr. Walter M. Gallichan, whose wife contributes three chapters upon the artists of Seville—a necessary addition when we remember that Velasquez and Murillo were born there. "The Story of Seville" takes a useful place between the guide-book that has no claim to be literary, and the purely literary study that will not serve as a guide to the average visitor. It is told with great care and a very proper appreciation of the manifold beauties associated with a city that is not known as it deserves even in these days of personally conducted tours and facilities for travel. To the full extent that Spain differs from the rest of Europe, Seville is a typical Spanish town: it concerns itself very little with politics, and not at all with the affairs of the outside world. Consequently it retains to-day most of the charm that other European cities have sacrificed to modernity, though it must be confessed that electric tramcars run through the exquisite gardens that the Duchess of Montpensier gave to the public, and automobiles may be seen on the paseo;

We believe that a controversy has raged round the frontispiece of "A Court in Exile," a portrait belonging to Mr. Milner-Gibson Cullum, which purports to

represent Prince Charles Edward as a youth. Without plunging into this fray, we can say that the Marchesa Vitelleschi has put together much that will attract anyone interested in the story of the later Stuarts; or, in other words, all who are not Philistines. But she has tried to do too much, and her style is not always equal to the strain of writing serious history. It is odd, for instance, to hear that Lord Mar was "riled" on one occasion. "Lord Chief Justice Clark" for "Lord Justice Clerk" is a mistake which no Scottish writer should make. These two volumes give a sketchy history of the Stuart family from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of Cardinal York in 1807, and follow the story of Princess Louise of Stolberg until her death in 1824. Probably few realise that Prince Charlie's widow lived until Queen Victoria was five years old. Where the Marchesa is following the course of great events, she has nothing new to say, and it is perhaps a pity that she included the record of the Jacobite risings, though her account is readable enough. The real interest of the book lies in the light thrown upon the characters of the leading figures, and in the care with which the writer has traced the footsteps of our exiled Kings in Italy. She is certainly at her best in writing of women, and Mary of Modena will become to most readers a living being—and a noble one—for the first time in these pages. That puzzling character her son, the old Chevalier, is well described, but we might have been told more of the romantic adventures of his bride, Princess Clementina Sobieska. Of Prince Charlie nothing new can be said, but we have a minute and interesting account of his wife. Princess Louise was a remarkable and fascinating woman, whose connection with the poet Alfieri gave her an important position in intellectual Europe. But one cannot quite share her latest biographer's enthusiasm. Granted that she had every excuse for leaving her husband and living with Alfieri, one feels that she might at least have been faithful to the latter's memory. The pardon which the erring Princess might claim can hardly be extended to the doubly fickle woman. We should have welcomed some attempt to trace the fortunes of the Jacobite exiles who lost all for the cause, but, in some cases made distinguished military careers on the Continent; and, to tell the truth, we are inclined to grudge the excessive space given to Alfieri. After all, his only claim to figure in this book at all is that he stole Charles Edward's wife. If the so-called "Sobieski Stuart" brothers were to be mentioned, they should have received fuller notice. And the Marchesa is strangely vague about the claims of the House of Savoy to the British Throne. Surely everyone knows that the Legitimist claim has passed through Savoy and Modena to the House of Bavaria. But we should do injustice did we not say that the book is eminently readable, and is gossip history of a good sort. The omission of an index is inexcusable.

If we would attempt to understand the extent of the additions that the nineteenth century made to our knowledge of the world's older kingdoms, it is worth noting that Dr. Robinson Souttar's work, "A Short History of Ancient Peoples," which is largely founded upon them, occupies more than seven hundred pages. Inasmuch as each history is complete in itself, some repetition was inevitable, but the author has made up for this by his stern repression in every other direction. His book enjoys the valuable addition of an Introduction by Dr. Sayce. "The lesson our vanity has received at the hands of astronomy and geology," writes the learned Professor of Assyriology, "has been enforced by Oriental archaeology: as man and his earth are not the centre of the universe, for whom alone the orbs of heaven were made, and the plants and the animals created, so, too, we of the nineteenth century are not the first and exclusive possessors of culture and science." Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Phœnicia, Carthage, Greece, and Rome are passed in review in Dr. Souttar's work; Medes, Persians, and Hebrews are considered in their turn. The volume, though no more than a careful compilation from the best sources, without original matter of any kind, is as fascinating as a romance; for it extends our previous views of the history of civilisation, and enforces a modest conception of our place in the scheme of things, and the point of development to which we have ascended. What would our grandfathers have said if they had been told that Babylonia had yielded a set of laws eight centuries older than the Mosaic code, and founded upon the decision of Kings who judged the people in an immemorial time? The Hammurabi code is only one of the more modern discoveries mentioned in the book, and the copy referred to was found among the ruins of Susa last year. The records of the Mykenæan period are examined: they show us that classical Greek art was itself a renaissance. So modern research moves steadily forward; every year sees the historic period pushed further back. Dr. Souttar's book reviews ancient history in the light of the most modern developments of knowledge: at the rate of progress attained to-day, the work should be obsolete in two or three years, unless new editions have been published and brought down to date. The author has a pleasing style and fluent pen, and if exception need be taken to the treatment of his subject-matter, it is mainly in connection with the chapter devoted to the Hebrews. Dr. Souttar commences, very properly, with the story of Abram, the Babylonian, born in "Ur of the Chaldees," now identified with Mugheir; but he neither accepts entirely nor rejects firmly the Biblical narrative on its miraculous side. He hints that the Cities of the Plain perished through the firing of their own naphtha springs, but goes on to speak of a direct Divine promise to Abram with regard to his descendants. So far as the arrest of the sun and moon by Joshua's prayer are concerned, the learned author treats the incident as pure poetry from the book of Jashar, but goes on to speak of Samuel receiving early proofs of the Divine favour. Surely this attitude is illogical: if one miracle stands, all stand; if one is rejected, the others are inadmissible.

"It is claimed for Wellington that during that memorable day not a single British regiment, though some were reduced to a handful of men, yielded an inch of ground, and that the English musketry and artillery withered the fine flower of the French chivalry. For stubborn bravery, of course, we must accord them their meed of praise, but it must not be rashly assumed, even granting that their fire shattered the Old Guard, that the English could have charged with any effect, had not Blücher's guns opened on the French flank just about the time that the Old Guard fled headlong down-hill. To Blücher von Walstatt, therefore, be the glory. Truth is now vindicated."

HOW PRUSSIA SAVED BRITAIN
AT WATERLOO.

EUROPEAN HISTORY FOR YOUNG SOLDIERS.

The recent startling pronouncement of an eminent military authority, who has never had the misfortune to see active service, is of such weight and importance that every patriot must have hurried to authorities to inquire how the popular misconception as to the true issue of the field of Waterloo had so long remained obscure. But truth, like murder, will out, and the blind and bigoted pride of Englishmen in what they believed to be the achievement of Wellington has now received a salutary check. The committee of the Council on Education will, it is believed, shortly call in all the historical manuals at present used by our children, and will carefully excise the existing accounts of Waterloo. The missing pages will be replaced by a translation of an authentic document, which is credibly understood to form part of a forthcoming great and epoch-making history of Europe written by the most versatile Teutonic genius of our time. It is characteristically thorough, taking nothing for granted, and probing authorities with univalued acumen and insight. It is nevertheless, for all its learning, popular in treatment, and gains in liveliness by being left in its original form, that of a lecture delivered in a loud voice to young soldiers. By special favour, we are enabled to print for the first time in this country the full text of the discourse:—

"Soldiers! I intend, with God's good help, to set before you to-day some central facts of European history which hitherto have been shamefully bowdlerised and obscured by partisan writers. You may have heard, you may even have been taught at school, that the fate of Napoleon at Waterloo was decided by the military genius of Wellington, and by the obstinate stand made by the British troops for nine terrible hours among the fields of trampled rye. In passing, and before proceeding to a more minute examination of the subject, I would here bid you beware of the heroic *mythus*, and particularly of the popular ballad. One such I can recall, entitled 'Slattery's Mounted Fút,' a song of Hibernian origin, containing the extraordinary line which calls to mind—

How the Cork Militia beat the Turks at Waterloo.

The inaccuracy of this is obvious. You will likewise do well to take *cum grano salis* the statements of one William or 'Bill' Adams, who is, alas! a disgrace to his Christian name. His true name was, I believe, Arthur Wellesley. But this by the way.

"The general outline of Waterloo is doubtless familiar to you; but for the sake of emphasising my argument, and piercing with the limelight of truth the fogs of party and racial self-sufficiency, I will briefly recall the situation, jotting down upon this blackboard the chief strategic points. Figure to yourselves an irregular triangle, the apex of which is Brussels and the base the river Sambre. The right side is the road from Namur to Brussels, the left that leading through Mons and Hal. The triangle is practically bisected by the road from Charleroi to the Belgian capital. This road goes past Quatre Bras, which is almost in the middle of the triangle. Between that place and Brussels is the field of Waterloo, with the Forest of Soignies in the rear. On June 16, 1815, Napoleon attacked the allied forces at Quatre Bras, and the field, though sternly contested, gave victory to neither. At the same moment Blücher with his Prussians is represented to have been repulsed from Ligny and to have fallen back on Wavre; while the English leader retired to Waterloo, taking post at a point where he would have the narrowest portion of the wedge to defend and could more easily command the converging roads. As to Blücher's alleged retreat, we must remember that even the English historians dwell on the masterly orderliness with which it was effected, and it would be nearer the truth to call it a strategic movement to the rear to enable the Prussian leader to be at hand to support Wellington in his obstinate determination to retire still nearer Brussels to fight his great action instead of taking Blücher's advice to attack the Emperor in force. Blücher evidently saw that without him Wellington could do nothing, and so timed his advance from Wavre on the fateful 18th that he arrived just at the psychological moment to turn Wellington's assured defeat into a victory, of which the English, with their customary arrogance, claimed the credit.

"Some of you who are acquainted with Napoleon's writings may here remind me of the famous passage in which the Emperor asks, 'If the English army had been beaten at Waterloo, what would have been the use of the other forces of the Allies, the Prussians, Austrians, Germans, and Spaniards?' But note that here he does not mean Blücher's Prussians, but those other great reserves which had not yet appeared in the field. Note also that our theory of Blücher's consciousness of his own importance in the game is substantiated by his remark, 'It is not at Wavre but at Waterloo that the campaign is to be decided,' and in order to make sure of his arrival there in time, he detached a force under Thielmann to fight a rearguard action against Grouchy, who had been told off by Napoleon to harass him. Thus, in the words of even an English historian, 'Blücher won the campaign.'

"It is claimed for Wellington that during that memorable day not a single British regiment, though some were reduced to a handful of men, yielded an inch of ground, and that the English musketry and artillery withered the fine flower of the French chivalry. For stubborn bravery, of course, we must accord them their meed of praise, but it must not be rashly assumed, even granting that their fire shattered the Old Guard, that the English could have charged with any effect, had not Blücher's guns opened on the French flank just about the time that the Old Guard fled headlong down-hill. To Blücher von Walstatt, therefore, be the glory. Truth is now vindicated."

WITH A UNANIMOUS VOICE, such as has not been recorded in any instance during recent decades with reference to any other industrial product, have the Press, Science, and personages holding the highest positions in society passed their verdict upon the unique efficacy of Odol, from which

even the most conservative minds should gain the convictions—

1. That by means of the invention of Odol the long-sought-for ideal to preserve one's teeth in sound condition has been attained.
2. That on account of the delightful taste and delicious flavour of Odol the daily care of the teeth has been made a sublime comfort.



The world's best dentifrice

Let the enormous importance of the unique superiority Odol possesses be clearly understood. While all other preparations for cleansing the teeth are effective only during the few moments of application, the antiseptic power of Odol continues gently but persistently for hours after use. Odol penetrates into the interstices of the teeth and the

mucous membrane of the mouth, impregnating them and leaving an antiseptic deposit on the surface. In this manner a continuous antiseptic effect is produced, by means of which the whole oral cavity to the minutest recesses is completely freed from and protected against all fermenting processes and injurious bacteria.

THE TASTE OF ODOL is most delicious and refreshing. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours—"Sweet Rose" and "Standard." The former is delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies, while generally "Standard Flavour" is preferred on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect.

When the teeth are cleaned with Odol the whole mouth is rejuvenated as the body is by a bath.

Price 1/6 a flask; or 2/6 a large flask, containing double the quantity, which will last for several months. To be obtained of all Chemists.

N.B.—Purchasers are requested to satisfy themselves that they are supplied with the particular flavour desired. Both are clearly marked at the foot of the labels on the flasks—the "Standard Flavour" (strong) on a yellow strip, and the "Sweet Rose" (mild) on a red strip.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HABIT AND LIFE.

The death of Herbert Spencer revives, among other ideas interesting to science, his attitude to a most important question. This is the topic of inheritance or heredity. We can all understand how necessary it is for the man of science to formulate some clear notions regarding the transmission of parent-characters to offspring, for around this question is attached a whole set of conditions relating in the most intimate manner to the theory of evolution itself. We may readily appreciate the bearings of the subject on the development hypothesis. If there is no change, no variation in the parent body, or if change cannot be transmitted, then evolution appears practically as an impossibility. For the essence of its being as an explanation of the ways and works of nature is based on the idea that variation is a fact of life and equally a fact of the non-living universe, whilst such changes regarded as handed on to posterity develop that posterity into something different from its parents.

This is really the idea of evolution in a nutshell. We might add another consideration of importance, in the shape of an inquiry into the causes and conditions of the variations which form the foundation of all development. It is, of course, very true that evolution is not necessarily progressive in its character. In the main it does elevate and raise organisms in the scale, developing lower to higher, and elaborating that which is complex out of that which was simple. In this fashion we see in evolution a gospel of physical—and, I will add, mental—progress such as, on the whole, will satisfy the cheery optimist. But it has its other sides and phases. For example, organisms are known which through long ages of time have remained in *status quo ante*. They have neither advanced nor declined. Many of the chalk animalcules we find in the Cretaceous rocks exhibit precisely similar characters to those we see alive to-day. The *Glöbigerinas* of the chalk-formations are indistinguishable from those of the existent deep-sea ooze. If any change or variation has occurred in them, it is of so small an extent as to be inappreciable.

This is the equilibrium side of evolution, where nature holds the balance so evenly that for ages the living being alters not. In addition to the idea of progress and that of standstill in life, a third phase of evolution falls to be noted. This is the degeneration side of things. It leads us into the domain of vital backsliding and of physical retrogression. Here the living being declines and passes from a higher to a lower state. Most of our parasites illustrate this latter phase. A being which in its early stages of life is free-swimming, possesses eyes, legs, digestive organs, and the other belongings of animal life, loses or parts with them all when attaching itself to another animal; it sponges upon the latter as an unbidden and unwelcome guest, and adopts a parasitic mode of existence. Nature is a very stern taskmaster and foster-parent; and when the need for organs devoted to an animal's independent life ceases, she causes them to degenerate and disappear.

Now, having regard to these three phases of the "development" of life at large—its progress, its equilibrium, and its degeneration—the question arises regarding the factors or causes to which the particular leaning of a living being in the way of evolution is due. It is here that divergence appears in the scientific camp. There are those of Paul and those who think with Apollos; nay, there are Peter's disciples as well, and followers besides of other masters. The pure Darwinian thinks that Nature "selects" her varying animals and plants, and, through the operation of slow and infinitesimal variations, causes them to depart from the parental type, and thus to inaugurate new races and species. Here the chief factor is regarded as an internal one. It is considered as operating through conditions which are practically unknown to us as realities, but which are believed to represent life's reactions, or it may be the vital responses to stimuli the nature of which is too subtle for us to comprehend.

The other main idea of evolution is that which sees in direct parental influence the starting-point for new ways of life. This is the view which maintains that an alteration in the parent is capable of being transmitted directly to the offspring; so that we are led thus towards the contemplation of the question, "Are acquired characters handed on or not?" The late Mr. Spencer was a strong supporter of the affirmative side of this question. He replied that while all acquired features—that is, on the part of a parent—were not necessarily transmitted, many were so handed on. His argument was that there is no inherent improbability in this action taking place; and he defended his views with much skill and by aid of many telling illustrations derived from varied aspects of natural history.

Spencer followed Lamarck in his view of evolutionary causes, only his was Lamarckism improved and edited in the light of modern science. It is well-nigh inconceivable that parental alterations should not affect the succeeding generations. If they do not exercise effects, then the law of heredity is to be regarded as an altogether mysterious thing, insusceptible of explanation of any kind. One recognises that the matter is one of evidence. Such evidence as Spencer brought, and such as one can collate from the biological side, is not to be lightly regarded. It may be argued that the drunkard's child is not necessarily born a drunkard, and that he may grow up into a respectable citizen. Very true, because of the influences brought to bear upon him; but to argue that he is born thoroughly outside the parental influence is to make too great a demand upon even credulity. Spencer's work in connection with heredity will remain a bright and enduring spot in his great record of the world's ways.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3099 received from J. E. (Valparaiso); of No. 3107 from Ratan Chandra Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3108 from Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3109 from F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill); and J. W. (Campsie); of No. 3110 from Marco Salem (Bologna), G. C. B., and H. J. Plumb (Gloucester); of No. 3111 from A. Belcher (Wycombe), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Albert Wolff (Putney), Clement C. Danby, J. W. (Campsie), C. E. Perugini, A. G. (Pancsova), Captain J. A. Challace (Great Yarmouth), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), George Fisher (Belfast), Herbert Filmer (Faversham), and F. B. (Worthing).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3112 received from Martin F. Clement C. Danby, Charles Burnett, Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), F. B. (Worthing), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), R. Worts (Canterbury), Reginald Gordon, F. Henderson (Leeds), T. Roberts, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), G. Bishop (Liverpool), L. Desanges, Edith Corser (Reigate), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton), A. Bannister (Clifton), Shadforth, and Joseph Cook.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3111.—BY SORRENTO.

WHITE.

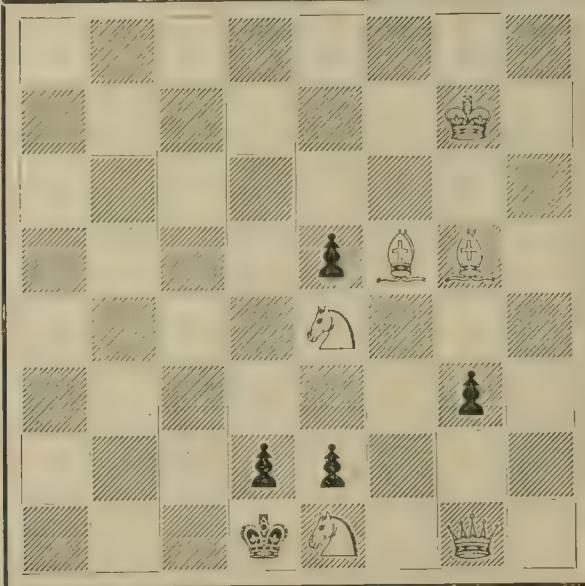
BLACK.

1. Q to R 5th
2. P to Q 8th (a Kt) (ch)
3. Kt mates.

There are numerous variations, but 1. Kt to B 4th yields another solution.

PROBLEM NO. 3114.—BY J. P. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Washington in exhibition play between Messrs. PILLSBURY and SOURIN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

| WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 20. B to B 2nd | P to K Kt 3rd | | |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 21. Q R to Q sq | Kt to B 4th | | |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | B to B 4th | 22. Q to K 3rd | Kt to K 3rd | | |
| 4. P to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 23. P to K R 3rd | P to Kt 3rd | | |
| 5. Castles | Kt takes P | 24. Kt to K 5th | B to Kt 2nd | | |
| 6. P to Q 4th | P takes K | 25. P to B 4th | Q to B 4th | | |
| 7. P takes P | B to K 2nd | 26. Q takes Q | Kt takes Q | | |
| 8. P to Q 5th | | | | | |

This consolidates Black's material advantage and prepares for the advance of his powerful Queen's wing.

White evidently means business, and this isolated Pawn is sacrificed for the purposes of attack.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 8. | Kt to Kt sq |
| 9. Q to Q 4th | Kt to Kt sq |
| 10. P to Q 6th | B takes P |
| 11. R to K sq (ch) | B to K 2nd |
| 12. Q to K 3rd | P to B 3rd |
| 13. B to R 4th | Kt to Q 4th |
| 14. Q to K 2nd | Castles |
| 15. Kt to B 3rd | Kt takes Kt |
| 16. P takes Kt | B to B 3rd |
| 17. B to R 3rd | P to Q 4th |

Played with commendable judgment. Black gives up the exchange to develop his game, as there is always danger in keeping pieces at home. If B takes P is here played, 18. B takes R, B takes R; 19. B to K 7th, and a piece is lost.

| | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 18. B takes R | Q takes B |
| 19. Q to Q 3rd | Kt to R 3rd |

Black's Bishop's now become very formidable, and with the White King so exposed they carry everything before them. The ending is a study in the power of these pieces in combination.

| | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 20. K to K 3rd | K to B sq |
| 21. P to B 5th | R to K sq |
| 22. Q R to K sq | K to Kt 2nd |
| 23. P takes P | R P takes P |
| 24. P to Kt 4th | Kt to K 3rd |

White's Bishop's now become very formidable, and with the White King so exposed they carry everything before them. The ending is a study in the power of these pieces in combination.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 25. K to Kt 2nd | P to Q 4th |
| 26. K to B 2nd | P to B 5th |
| 27. R to B 3rd | Kt to Kt 4th |
| 28. R to K 3rd | B to Q 4th |
| 29. R to K 6th | White resigns. |

White evidently means business, and this isolated Pawn is sacrificed for the purposes of attack.

| | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 20. K to K 3rd | K to B sq |
| 21. P to B 5th | R to K sq |
| 22. Q R to K sq | K to Kt 2nd |
| 23. P takes P | R P takes P |
| 24. P to Kt 4th | Kt to K 3rd |

White's Bishop's now become very formidable, and with the White King so exposed they carry everything before them. The ending is a study in the power of these pieces in combination.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 25. K to Kt 2nd | P to Q 4th |
| 26. K to B 2nd | P to B 5th |
| 27. R to B 3rd | Kt to Kt 4th |
| 28. R to K 3rd | B to Q 4th |
| 29. R to K 6th | White resigns. |

White evidently means business, and this isolated Pawn is sacrificed for the purposes of attack.

| | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 20. K to K 3rd | K to B sq |
| 21. P to B 5th | R to K sq |
| 22. Q R to K sq | K to Kt 2nd |
| 23. P takes P | R P takes P |
| 24. P to Kt 4th | Kt to K 3rd |

White's Bishop's now become very formidable, and with the White King so exposed they carry everything before them. The ending is a study in the power of these pieces in combination.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 25. K to Kt 2nd | P to Q 4th |
| 26. K to B 2nd | P to B 5th |
| 27. R to B 3rd | Kt to Kt 4th |
| 28. R to K 3rd | B to Q 4th |
| 29. R to K 6th | White resigns. |

White evidently means business, and this isolated Pawn is sacrificed for the purposes of attack.

| | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 20. K to K 3rd | K to B sq |
| 21. P to B 5th | R to K sq |
| 22. Q R to K sq | K to Kt 2nd |
| 23. P takes P | R P takes P |
| 24. P to Kt 4th | Kt to K 3rd |

White's Bishop's now become very formidable, and with the White King so exposed they carry everything before them. The ending is a study in the power of these pieces in combination.

| | |
| --- | --- |
| 25. K to Kt 2nd | P to Q 4th |

<tbl_r cells="2" ix="3" maxcspan="

van Houten's Cocoa

"OFF TO SCHOOL."

Whether at home or at school, sustaining and invigorating food is a necessity for growing boys and girls, and there is no food beverage equal to Van Houten's Cocoa for building up and invigorating the system. Parents cannot always regulate the children's diet while at school, but they can make

van Houten's Cocoa

the beverage of the home and so ensure that young and old alike may enjoy a beverage

unequalled for

DELICIOUS NATURAL FLAVOR.
NOURISHING & INVIGORATING PROPERTIES.



BEST & GOES FARTHEST.

LADIES' PAGES.

Musical people are promised the hearing of a unique juvenile prodigy shortly in the person of Max Darewski, whose capacity in his art developed before he could speak plainly! He is now but eight years old, and is about to appear as a pianist; but he was only five when he composed a waltz, which, under the name of "Le Rêve," has been performed at Bournemouth by Dan Godfrey's band! This is probably a record early age for original composition; but musical talent is the earliest of all artistic capacities to develop. Mozart and his little sister were child prodigies, and performed before the Empress Maria Theresa when they were so small that they had to be propped up on piles of music-books to reach the keyboard. I wonder, by the way, what became of that little sister of Mozart. Life leads the talent of a female child into by-paths so often. Was that youthful performer before royalty (who was then thought the cleverer of the two children) the same sister of Mozart, I wonder, as the one to whom, in her old age, Vincent Novello carried a sum of money subscribed by admirers of Mozart to make the last days of the musician's sister comfortable?

Mendelssohn, again, composed when he was but eight years old. He also had a sister who was fully as remarkably precocious and accomplished in music as he was in early childhood, and we know what became of her. Fanny Mendelssohn was repressed in her girlhood by her father, who told her that "music will be Felix's profession, but the only station for a woman is that of a housewife." She was discouraged by her husband, who "was jealous of her music," and made her promise to "sacrifice it to him"; and she was strongly urged by Felix not to publish any of her compositions with her name, though he issued several of them as his own work, and was chagrined to find that Queen Victoria chose "one of Fanny's" to sing to him as her Majesty's favourite among his compositions. So that was "what became of" poor Fanny Mendelssohn: she "died with all her music in her," or nearly all. Though the course is now so much more clear for women to develop any abilities they have, and some, like Madame Liza Lehmann, Mlle. Chaminade, Madame Augusta Holmes, etc., have made a name as composers, it does not follow that there are not to this day female musical geniuses being lost, as the little sisters of Mozart and Mendelssohn were in their time, for want of encouragement and assistance to their development.

There is no other art in which talent is shown by children so young, in anything like such near approximation to the ability of their elders, as music. This fact was used by the great cook, Louis Eustache Ude, to prove that cooking is the superior art! He not unjustly remarked: "I have myself seen a young violinist of the age of fourteen perform a difficult work; show me



A CHINCHILLA AND ERMINE COAT.

the cook who has overcome the difficulties of his profession before a much more advanced age, and without great experience. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general possess professors under twenty years of age; whereas in the first line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs before thirty. We see daily at concerts and musical academies young men and women who display the greatest abilities; but in our line nothing but the most consummate experience can elevate a man to the rank of chief professor." He states that through his father's fickleness of purpose, he himself was apprenticed to several kinds of work, including that of a jeweller and goldsmith, and that he took prizes at the school of design; and from his varied experience he declares cookery to be the most difficult of arts. "Yet a scraper of catgut, or a man who pirouettes on the stage," he indignantly observes, "is dignified with the title of an artist; and to a man who has under his sole direction great feasts the title is denied."

That we are still far from styling a cook an artist may be inferred from the repetition of a rather silly story in connection with the death of the late Lord Rowton. It is said that he once called a servant "an idiot" in the presence of Lord Beaconsfield, who rebuked him gently, saying: "If he were not an idiot, he would not be a servant." That remark does not sound like one of the sayings of that wise and witty judge of mankind, he who as a novelist described with such appreciation the feasts of the wealthy. He once observed that French dinners were inferior to our own, even though they were far better cooked, because the English had plates which could be made very hot, while the French china glaze would not stand enough heat. It was not like an observer so close as this to describe as necessarily "an idiot" the artist who ministers to the palate instead of to the ear or the eye pleasures of the senses. At any rate, the cook has the best of his sneering detractors when it comes to a question of solid rewards. The chief cook of the King of England and the equally imposing functionary who designs the repasts of the President of France to-day are each paid a thousand a year. Carême was paid a hundred pounds a month by the Emperor of Russia. Even a woman cook commands a higher salary than the governess in most houses; and in the good old days in France it was reckoned that an Abbé to teach the young gentlemen would cost precisely one-fourth the price of a Languedoc cook's services—the men of that province having a superior répute as chefs. To-day do not we mistresses of households tremble before a good cook's frown, and feel ourselves constrained to permit her all the license she desires, as well as paying her highly; for do we not know well enough that an artist in cookery is more rare than a good teacher of the piano or of painting for our children?

Cooks have in all times possessed the blessing that the Scotchman prayed for—"A gude conceit o' mysel'."

(MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.)

Mappin & Webb
(Ltd.)

EXAMPLES OF SERVICE "EN SUITE" IN STERLING SILVER,
AFTER BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Illustrated Catalogues
Post Free.

Selections Sent
on Approval.

Richly Chased Sterling Silver Table Lamp,
after Cellini, mounted on Black Marble Base.Richly Chased Tea and Coffee Service and Tray. Teapot and Coffee-pot hold 2 pints each.
Kettle and Stand, 4 pints.Richly Chased Sterling Silver Table Lamp,
after Cellini, mounted on Black Marble Base.



A BRIGHT NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE.

MONKEY BRAND

Makes Tin like Silver.
Makes Copper like Gold.
Makes Brassware like Mirrors.
Makes Paint like New.
Polishes Iron and Steel.
Lightens Labour.

TO MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL, USE
BROOKE'S
MONKEY BRAND
SOAP.
WON'T WASH CLOTHES!

BRIGHTENS HOME LIKE A BABY'S SMILE.

LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, Port Sunlight, England.
THE NAME LEVER ON SOAP IS A GUARANTEE OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MONKEY BRAND

For Bicycles and Motors.
For Linoleum and Oilcloths.
For Kitchen Tables and Floors.
For Pots and Pans.
For Cooking Utensils.
For a Thousand Household Uses

The old Greek and Latin plays teem with references to the vanity—or, more justly speaking, the proper appreciation of their own art—of the cooks of classic times. Naturally, the plays were the efforts of professional satirists, but they would not attempt to caricature vanity as a quality of the learned and valuable confraternity of cooks if it had not notoriously existed. So there are recorded the cook who said that he cooked fish so exquisitely that it looked at him from the pan with gratitude, and that the savour of his dishes would recall the dead to life to partake of them; and the cook who wore his knife at his side when the Roman Senate had forbidden any man to appear armed, and claimed his right to do so by reason of his profession; and another who averred that if his kitchen were so placed that the perfumes from his dishes could reach the street, the fables of the syrens would be seen exemplified, for men could not pass on, unless, indeed, the soldiers made them plug their noses; or finally, the one who declared a modest cook to be a contradiction in nature. Though they were for the most part slaves, with their very lives in their masters' hands, the ancient cooks presumed upon their rarity and importance as much as our own kitchen queens of to-day. "Perquisites" were so claimed as to double the cost of the feast; and a specially excellent banquet prepared for a sybarite was expected to be "recognised" by the gift to the cook of a free ticket for life to the public games.

How enviable are the "happy couples" who can combine at this dull and depressing period of the English climate the delight of their honeymoon with an escape from our shores to the sunshine of the Riviera, or the even more certain brightness and warmth of Egypt! Perhaps this is a reason for the number of weddings that just preceded Christmas. Miss Stella Faudel-Phillips had one of the prettiest of these, the bridegroom being the third son of Lord Hothfield, Mr. Tufton. Though her own gown was an example of elegant simplicity, it was distinguished by the beauty of the deep Brussels lace flounce that quite surrounded the train; the dress was of cream satin veiled with chiffon, and trimmed only with a trail of orange-blossoms up the left side; the yoke of gathered chiffon was edged with lace, held in position by a cluster of white lilac and orange-blossoms, and the same two flowers were also mingled in the bridal wreath and bouquet. By the way, the new Duchess of Roxburghe had no orange-blossoms at her wedding; the flowers she chose were those of the millionaire—orchids, with their wonderful distinction and superiority that make them stand out in the midst of a large cluster of commoner flowers; and gardenias, with their heavy scent and waxy beauty that seem to speak of luxury. But sentiment and symbolism cling to orange-blossom for the bride's flower, both in England and France, and not even the example of Queen Victoria, whose family bridals were always adorned with the German



A WINTER CLOTH COSTUME, TRIMMED MOLESKIN.

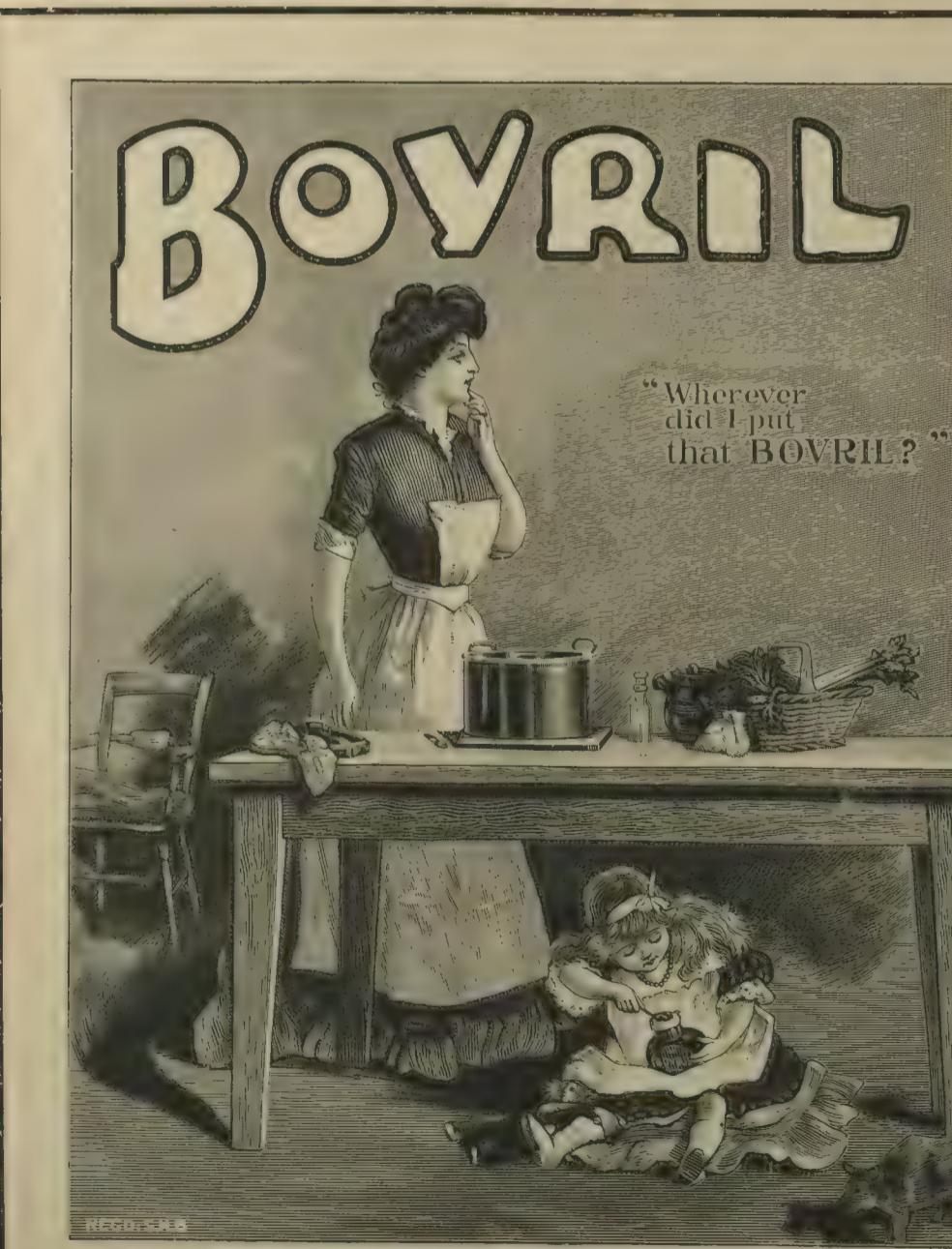
emblematical flower, the myrtle, availed to change this old-established fashion.

Furs are more delightful as well as more costly (alas! 'tis the general rule of combination) than ever as the season progresses. They are nowadays made as supple as possible. In older times it was customary for the furrier to glue a stiff muslin to the back of the fur, and then to line it with a solid sort of flannel material, called domette, all with the object of giving the fur garment a solidity that was held to denote richness and to secure strength and usefulness. To-day we lay more stress on grace; and as to lasting utility, that in matters of costume takes a very minor place in the considerations of the woman who thinks before all else of being well dressed. So now the desired end is to have a fur coat as soft as satin, to be moulded to the figure and not to thicken it more than is inevitable. One of our Illustrations shows a short and daintily soft little chinchilla coat, with ermine collar and cuffs and lace frills; the hat is of the same fur and lace. The winter cloth costume seen in the other Illustration is brown, strapped with itself, and trimmed with moleskin collar and cuffs.

Jan. 4 is the important date on which Messrs. Peter Robinson's winter sales begin. At the Regent Street house, Nos. 252 to 264, there are to be found some amazing bargains in tweed and other dress materials; also reliable and handsome black silks. Made-up dresses, including beautiful French models (and the gowns here are of the very best style), are many of them to be offered at less than half price. Furs, ladies' outfitting, millinery, gloves, and all the departments are to be cleared out at great reductions to be ready for the incoming of spring goods shortly. The Oxford Circus Peter Robinson's, where there is "everything for ladies' wear," is also making sweeping reductions. The mantle and the dress material departments here are exceptionally well stocked. One of the extraordinary bargains is a coat lined throughout with squirrel for two and a half guineas only. But on every side are bargains.

Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of 156 to 170, Regent Street, begin their sale on Jan. 4. Their famous Irish linens are marked down in price for the occasion, especially some in patterns that are not to be reproduced in the stock in future. They hold a large stock of ladies' under-clothing, as well as of men's linen shirts, collars, and so forth—an excellent opportunity of replenishing the boys' wardrobes ready to return to school. Then they supply Irish lace in every variety, and embroideries too; their handkerchiefs are a speciality.

FILOMENA.



Bovril is invaluable for adding strength, flavour, and richness to stews and soups, and just as excellent as a nourishing beverage. Bovril adds shillings to the value of made dishes at the cost of pence.

Reductions that secure to purchasers an unquestionable saving of from 5/- to 15/- in the £1 afford to all an opportunity that needs only to be known to be taken advantage of, and the enormous increase every year in the numbers who avail themselves of Hamptons' Great January Sale of

Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Linens, &c., of the highest class at Clearance Reductions

shows that purchasers find the saving they effect is always so great that this

Opportunity is one which they cannot afford to neglect.

Having acquired one of the most famous and old established Manufactories of fine Household Linen—that of Messrs. JAS. COULSON & CO., of Lisburn, Ireland, and Pall Mall East—Hampton and Sons will, in January, clear the entire stocks at Half Price, prior to remodelling the London premises, No. 11, Pall Mall East.

For details see Catalogue, sent free.

Not less advantageous are the bargains in handsome BRITISH and FOREIGN CARPETS, SILKS, TAFFETAS, CHINTZES and CRETTONNES, BED-ROOM SUITES, SCREENS, SIDEBOARDS, LACE CURTAINS, and CHINA and GLASS—on many of which the reductions are as great as 75 per cent.

A copy of the Illustrated Catalogue GA 128 of this Sale, giving full details of the great reductions at which all these high-class goods will be cleared, may be had post free, and should be secured at once by all who have occasion to make House Furnishing Purchases.



HAMPTONS GREAT ANNUAL CLEARANCE JANUARY 4 to 30 1904

PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.

Established
1789. Over
100 Years.

Pears

Soap-makers to the King and Queen.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF SUPERIORITY.

From Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C.,
Late Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to
the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

“Being authorised by Messrs. PEARS to purchase at any and all times and of any dealers samples of their Soap (thus ensuring such samples being of exactly the same quality as is supplied to the general public), and to submit the same to the strictest chemical analysis, I am enabled to guarantee its invariable purity.

My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends to nearly

FIFTY YEARS

during which time

I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection,

Its purity is such that it may be used upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin.”

“AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the Wants of Infants and Young Persons.”

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

Neave's Food



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

“A PERFECT FOOD for Infants.” Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN,
Editor of “Baby.”

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

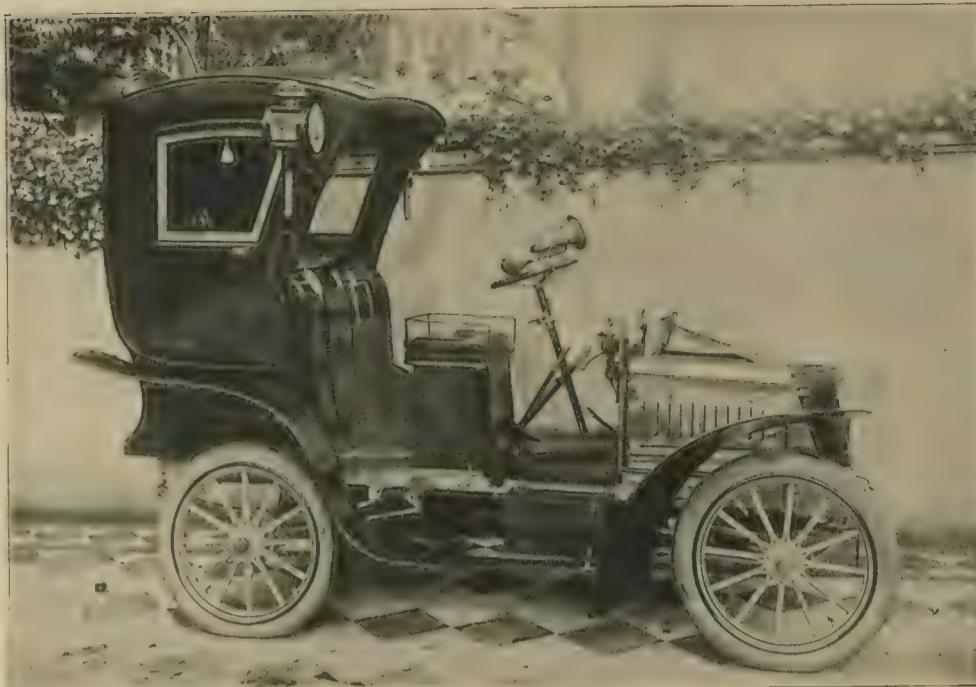
GOLD MEDAL, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

ART NOTES.

The Royal Academy's is something of a variety show this winter—Old Masters, a good deal of sculpture, and a representation of the modern in oil-painting by way of tribute to the memory of two members departed during the year.

A building is to pass away from Piccadilly which has had long and honourable association with art. The Egyptian Hall was built before the last century had passed into its teens; and the stone figures still facing the street from the façade were then regarded, not with indifference or slightly amused curiosity, but with serious interest and even awe. The history of a century's change of taste as to the aspect of the street-line may be read in the imminent demolition. The Egyptian Hall will vanish unregretted except by those who have sentimental associations with it. Conjurers can find other premises to their need, and their clients will not sigh for the vanished home of mystery. But here, more than eighty years ago, Haydon, in the "Roman Gallery," exhibited his "Jerusalem," a canvas symbolic in its size of his own hopes, doomed to die; and here, as a last resource almost, more than twenty years later, he brought together a final exhibition of his work, to which nobody paid heed. Crowds came to the portals, but they passed another way—they went to see Tom Thumb. The iron and the irony went one fibre's breadth further into Haydon's soul; and as a sequel to his loss of £100 on that show, he took his life with his own despairing hand.

In 1852 the title "Dudley Gallery" was given to the room, because therein was there exhibited the



THE NEW ELECTRIC HANSOM, NOW RUNNING IN LONDON.

Dudley collection of Old Masters. Many and various have been the exhibitions since held within its hospitable walls. "The nursery of young reputations," it was called, in memory mostly, perhaps, of the water-colour drawings which men like Professor von Herkomer and women like Lady Butler began their careers by hanging on its walls. To Queen Alexandra the Dudley Gallery has its memory; for there, twenty-two years ago, she made her first

scholarly introduction and notes by Mr. W. J. Craig. The books, which are bound in kid, cost only a shilling each.

A most useful booklet on the subject of Cornwall and the Cornish Riviera as a winter health-resort is about to be published by the Great Western Railway Company. A copy of this booklet can be obtained free of charge upon application from any of their stations, or from the Great Western Railway Company, Paddington, London.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS LTD.

6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON W.C.

WEST END BRANCH

THE DIAMOND MERCHANTS ALLIANCE LTD.

68 PICCADILLY, W.

Telephones—5178 Gerrard; 1939 Central.

? What does she say?

Telegrams—"Ruspoli, London."



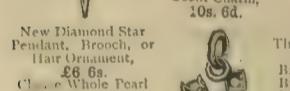
Fine Diamond Crossover Ring, £33 15s. Others in stock from £25 to £500.



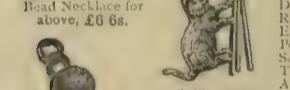
The New Cage Safety Pin with 2 Real Turquoise, a Turquoise and Pearl, or 2 Pearls, £1 1s.



Gold Egg Charm, 5s 6d; or Scent Charm, 10s 6d.



New Diamond Star Pendant, Brooch, or Hair Ornament, £6 6s.



Cl. 1 Whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £6 6s.



Gold Charm, 10s 6d.



"THE TIMES" SYSTEM OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

68 PICCADILLY, W.

Telegrams—"Ruspoli, London."

OXFORD
STREET.

**PETER
ROBINSON'S
WINTER
SALE**

COMMENCES
MONDAY, JANUARY 4TH.

MOST LIBERAL REDUCTIONS.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

REGENT
STREET.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
LTD.,**

164, 166, & 170, Regent Street, London, W.,
AND
101, 102, Cheapside, E.C. (opposite Bow Church).

Winter Sale

of Goods at

Reduced Prices,

NOW PROCEEDING.

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

N.B.—Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application.



PETERS & SONS,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS
By appointment
To His Majesty King Edward VII. and
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
53, PARK STREET, GROSSEYOR SQUARE,
LONDON, W.



Established 1827.
TRADE MARK.

**SYMINGTON'S
PEA FLOUR**

HIGH PRESSURE
STEAM PREPARED

EASILY
DIGESTED.

FOR THICKENING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.

PRICE'S CANDLES.



GOLD MEDAL
PALMITINE

FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS



GRAND PRIZE
PARASTRINE

FOR USE UNDER SHADES

LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

Perambulators & Mail Carts.
NEW DESIGNS FOR 1904.

LEVESON'S WICKER
BATH-CHAIRS on easy
springs and
self-guiding
wheel.



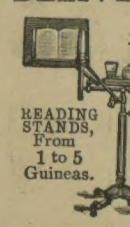
ALL GOODS KEPT IN STOCK READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR
CHILDREN & ADULTS.



CARRYING
CHAIRS,
from 1 Guinea.

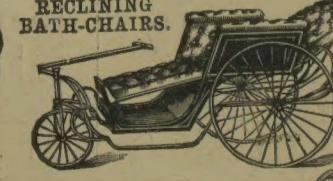


RECLINING
CHAIR, with
round
back.



LEVESON'S VICTORIA
INVALID'S CARRIAGE,
with
self-
guiding
front
wheel.

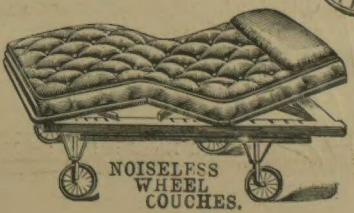
BATH-CHAIRS,
WITH HOOD
AND WINDOW.



WICKER PONY-
CHAIRS.



LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE
LOUNGE. The Leg-Rest
Slides under the seat.
Neatly Caned. Price
2 Guineas.



NOISELESS
WHEEL
COUCHES.

LEVESON & SONS,

Manufacturers & Contractors to H.M. Government.
90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
26, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.
85, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.
35, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
7 & 9, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.
89, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. *Estab. 1849.*

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Master of Selwyn, Professor Kirkpatrick, visited Nottingham before Christmas and gave a lecture on "Prophecy" in the vestry of St. Mary's Church. By the courtesy of Bishop Hamilton Baynes, a number of Nonconformist ministers were invited to attend the lecture. Among the works recommended for study were those of the late Dr. A. B. Davidson, Professor Robertson Smith's "Old Testament in the Jewish Church," and Professor G. A. Smith's "Isaiah" and "The Twelve Prophets." To these English writers the lecturer added Orelli, Riehm, and Cornill. The vote of thanks was moved by the Rev. J. C. Grant, a Presbyterian minister, and seconded by Bishop Hamilton Baynes.

Dean Armitage Robinson has made an important innovation in connection with the sermon to children on Holy Innocents' Day. For some years past the sermon has been attended in the main by grown-up people, and the Dean has decided to alter its date to Feb. 2, the festival of the Presentation in the

Temple. At that time it is hoped that children may be more easily gathered, as the school term will have begun. On Monday carols were sung at the afternoon service.

Archdeacon Brooke, who has resigned the Vicarage of Halifax, has for fifteen years been actively identified with the social, religious, and philanthropic life of the town. He is patron of no fewer than thirty-one livings in and around Halifax, and in not one of these does the amount of stipend fall below £200 a year. Archdeacon Brooke succeeded Dr. Pigou as Vicar of Halifax in 1889, having previously been Rector of Thornhill, near Dewsbury. Two of his brothers, Sir Thomas and Mr. William Brooke, are Churchmen well known throughout the West Riding for their generous liberality.

A beautiful altar tomb in memory of the late Dean Stephens was dedicated in Winchester Cathedral on the Tuesday before Christmas. The service was attended by many friends of the late Dean, and by clergy from all parts of the diocese. The tomb is of Pentelicus marble, elaborately carved. A brass cross, the gift

of Mrs. Stephens, has been placed in the choir, at the foot of Rufus's tomb, and this was also dedicated by Dean Furneaux to the memory of his predecessor.—V.

Under the auspices of the International Sporting Club of Monte Carlo, a grand meeting of motor-boats has been arranged for the Easter holidays in the Bay of Monaco, with something over four thousand pounds in cash for the winning competitors. The course for cruisers, specially traced between Monaco, Nice, Mentone, and Cannes, has been well chosen, and will meet with general approval. The regatta will be preceded by an exhibition of motor-boats, to commence on March 10 next. An entrance-fee of £4 must accompany each entry, and all nominations must be made to the "Auto," 10, Faubourg Montmartre, Paris, which is deputed to centralise the engagements.

The Serpentine Swimming Club held its annual race on Christmas morning. Hot Oxo was served free to all competitors after the race.



1-lb. Sample Tin, 2/6; Postage 3d. extra.

Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., 8c., 8c., says: I have subjected to analysis a specimen of the "CRAVEN" Mixture of Tobacco, and have obtained very satisfactory results. I find that it is composed of pure tobacco leaf, and that the amounts of moisture and ash are not in excess. I can pronounce it to be very good tobacco."

The Lancet says: "On analysis we could trace no objectionable flavouring agents or added sticky substances. The mixture is a blend of pure tobacco leaf, the proportion being such as to render it free from acridity and heat when smoked in a pipe."

CARRERAS, Ltd., 7, Wardour St., W., and all Tobacconists.

TO STAMMERERS.—Those who are interested in the subject should read a book by one who cured himself after suffering over 35 years. Sent post free on application to the Author, MR. BEASLEY, Brampton Park, Hunts.

NO MORE ASTHMA FROM THIS MOMENT. Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivaled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, 68, BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN, PARIS. DEPOT: WILCOX, JOZEAU, AND CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

PEDIGREES TRACED.

Mr. CULLETON's Collections and Library of 2,000 Heraldic and Genealogical Works contain references to 250,000 Pedigrees of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Continental families. 500 Parish Registers; 300 Foreign Works of all nationalities.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE, 92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Book-plates ("Ex-libris"); Signet-rings; Seals (in gold, silver, crystal, ivory, etc.); Heraldic Engraving. Artistic paintings of Armorial Bearings.

O. S. TOOTH BLOCK

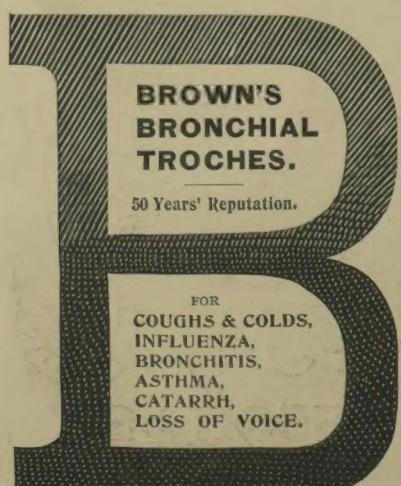
BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS
AND PERFUMERS IN
ELEGANT CRYSTAL
TOILET CASKET
PRICE 2/6.
ALSO IN PATENT
METALLIC BOX
PRICE 1/- SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

And in "SUTTONITE" Hygienic Box of Novel and Registered Design.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OVER 5000 TESTIMONIALS.

OSCAR SUTTON & CO., PRESTON



Of all Chemists, 1/1 per box.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.
CORNWALL.

ENGLAND'S IDEAL WINTER, HEALTH, AND PLEASURE RESORT.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

can take you in a few hours to the

DELIGHTFUL CORNISH RIVIERA.

EXCELLENT HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.—THE TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL at St. Ives is under the Company's management.

Direct Route to the Sunny and Salubrious SCILLY ISLANDS.

For Booklet and all information apply to The Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.

JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

G. E. LEWIS'S RIFLES.

HONOURS, PARIS, 1878; SYDNEY, 1879; MELBOURNE, 1880; CALCUTTA, 1884.

RIFLE CLUBS Lee-Metford, Lee-Enfield, Mannlicher or Mauser Rifles, from £6. Stevens: 22 and 25, 30s., 42s., and 60s. Remington: 22, 25s. 6d. and 20s. Cartridges: 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. 9d. per 100.

TREBLE GRIP EXPRESS RIFLES. HENRY OR METFORD RIFLING



RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and 10 bores, 20 to 50 guineas. Double-Barrel Express Rifles, 360 to 577 bores, from 15 guineas. Single-Barrel Express Rifles, 360 to 577 bores, from 15 guineas.

G. E. LEWIS'S Stock of Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers is the largest in the Empire. Send six stamps for Catalogue of finished stock. The shooting and endurance of our Guns and Rifles is second to none. Buy direct and save dealers' profits.

G. E. LEWIS, GUN MAKER, BIRMINGHAM.

The use of a Trade Mark is to protect the Public from fraud

Inferior Mantles of foreign manufacture are frequently substituted for . . .

WELSBACK

Numerous prosecutions by the Welsbach Company resulted in convictions and the seizure of the Spurious Mantles.

There are no Mantles so good as Welsbach.

These Mantles are tested and carry the Welsbach Warranty. When buying see the Trade Mark and refuse substitutes. Of all Stores, &c., price 6d.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH. Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE. Is perfectly harmless, and Delicious to the Taste. Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants. Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world. 2s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,

Put up in glass jars, price 1s. Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., Ltd., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

DON'T COUGH for KEATING'S LOZENGES
EASILY CURE THE WORST COUGH.

One gives relief. An increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 13d. tins everywhere.

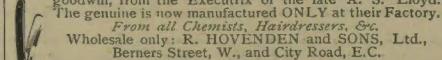
LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. & 3s. each.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH. The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE EUXESIS is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK.—

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c. Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.



D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements.

Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms. 20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas; iron-framed, full trichord Pianos from 10/6 per month. Organs from 4 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estd. 118 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS

Of Guaranteed Accuracy

FIG. 1.

AND FIG. 2.

FOR ALL PURPOSES.

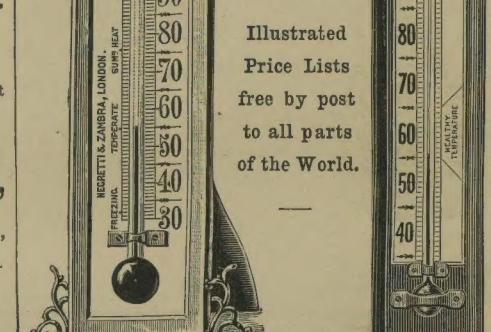


FIG. 1.—Sterling Silver-Mounted Thermometer, with Opal Glass Scale, 31 in., 18/6; 5 in., 25/-

FIG. 2.—Sitting-Room and Bed-Room Thermometer, 8 in. porcelain scale on oak back, with extra bold tube and open scale, 7/6 each.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT.
Branches—45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT ST.



SAVON & POUDRE SIMON

J. SIMON, 59, Faubourg St. Martin, Paris 10th

Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

MERTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., LONDON

22 GOLD MEDALS.

DR SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

They lend an exquisite flavour to Champagne, Sherry, Whiskey, Lemonade, and all liquors. Are altogether free from admixture with any dangerous or deleterious compound.

Of all Wine Merchants, etc. A Booklet giving many valuable recipes post free from the sole consignees—

KUHNER, HENDERSON & CO., 115, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

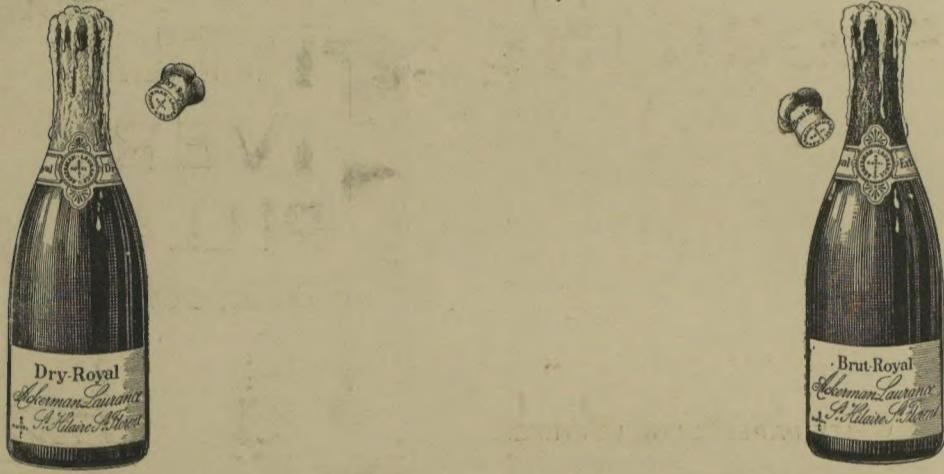


2 CHOICE SPARKLING WINES OF FRANCE.

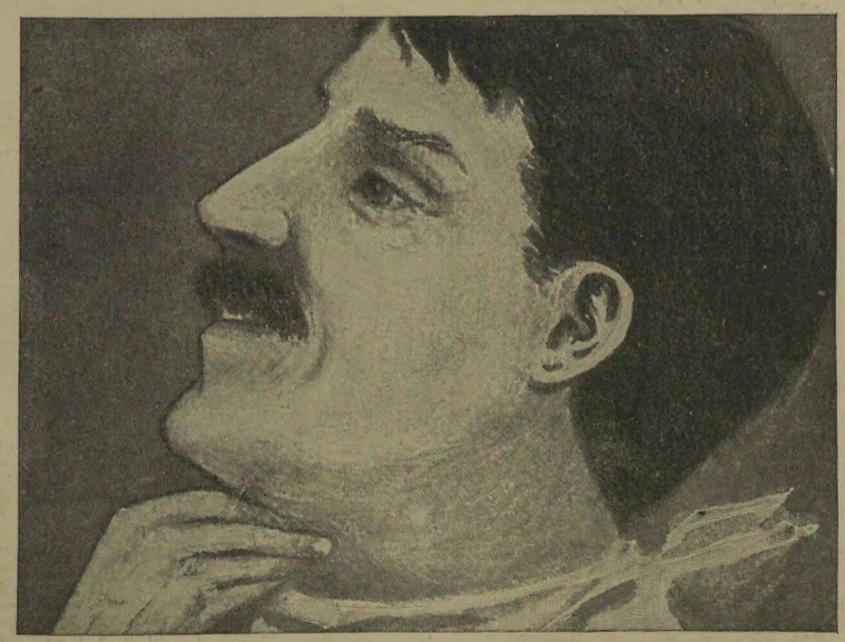
“Dry-Royal”
“Brut-Royal”

ACKERMAN - LAURANCE

ESTABLISHED 1811.



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



A Close Shave!

There is great satisfaction in a close, smooth shave. Nothing but the cream-like healing lather of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP makes a close shave possible—without the irritation that often results from close shaving.

This soft, rich lather is a veritable healing balm, allaying all tendency to irritation, and leaving the face soothed and refreshed.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s.

Williams' Luxury Tablets, 1s.

Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 6d.

(Trial Size) of Williams' Shaving Stick, 4d. Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d, stamp by addressing

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 65 Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W. C.; 161 Clarence St., SYDNEY.

Main Office and Factories, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

The Allenburys' Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) Free.



MOTHER AND CHILD. Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

Some of the special advantages possessed by
The Allenburys' Foods.

The Milk Foods closely approximate in composition to human Milk, the natural and therefore best nourishment for the young infant.

They are as easy of digestion as maternal milk, and provide a perfect diet for the formation of firm flesh and strong bones.

The Milk Foods are absolutely free from any noxious germs, and hence are far superior to cow's milk as obtained in towns, especially in the summer time.

No diarrhoea, digestive or stomach troubles need be feared from the use of the "ALLENBURYS" Foods.

For the robust and delicate they are alike suitable, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

The "ALLENBURYS" Foods are so graduated as to provide the maximum amount of nourishment that the child is able to digest at the periods of life for which the foods are respectively recommended.

Milk Food No. 1.

From birth to 3 months.

Milk Food No. 2

From 3 to 6 months.

Malted Food No. 3.

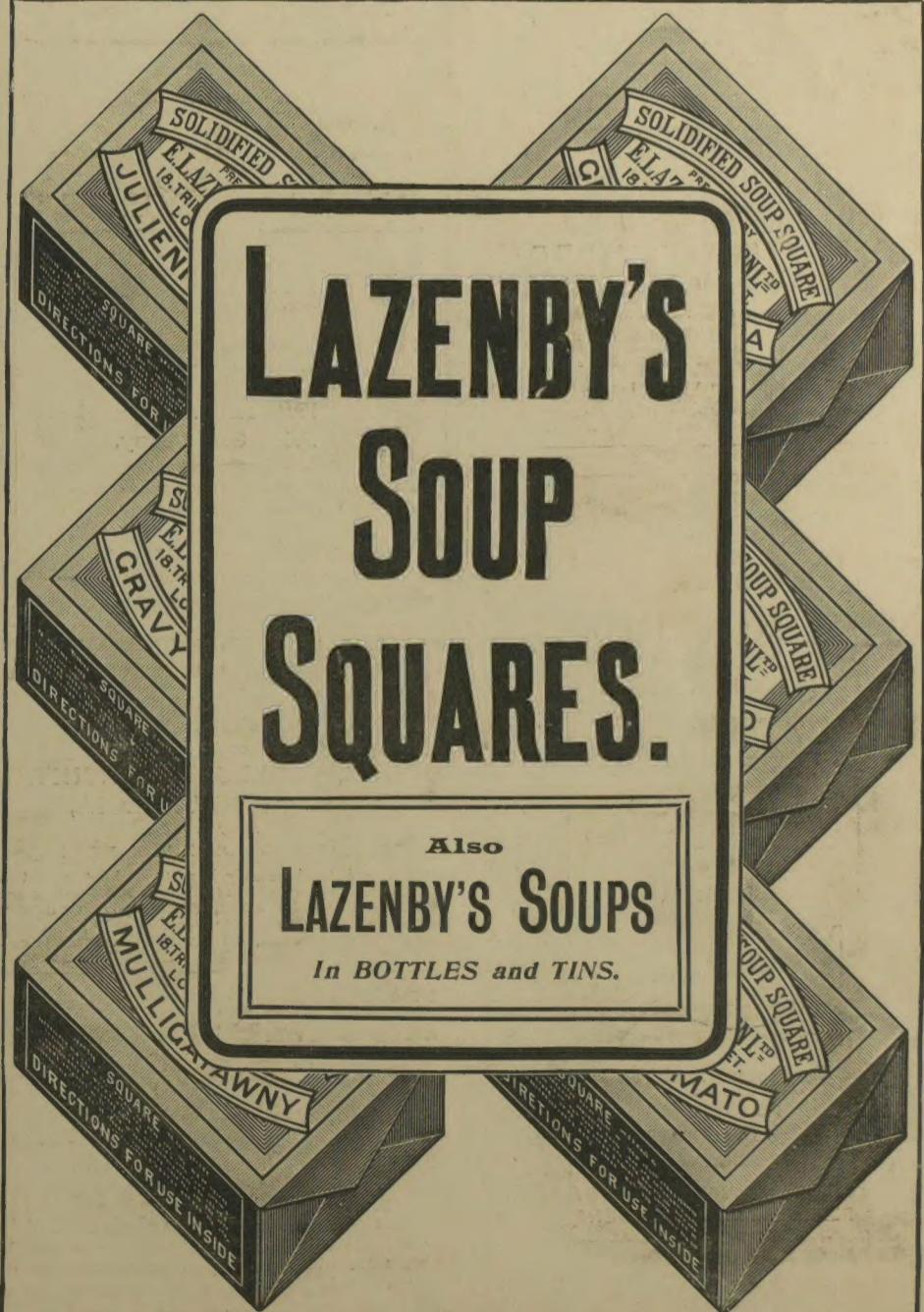
From 6 months upwards.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S Ltd., PLough Court, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES.

Also
LAZENBY'S SOUPS

In BOTTLES and TINS.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 13, 1900) of Admiral Sir Alexander Buller, K.C.B., of Erle Hall, Plympton, Devon, and Belmore, Cowes, Isle of Wight, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 14 by Dame Emily Mary Buller, the widow, Lieutenant Henry Tritton Buller, R.N., the son, and Francis Buller Howell, the executors, the value of the estate being £158,541. The testator gives £7000 each to his sons; £499 to his daughter Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Turner; £499 and all the household furniture to his wife; £100 to Francis Buller Howell; and £100 each to his nephew and nieces Charles Alexander Howell, Evelyné Chapell Hodge, Emmeline Louisa White, and Caroline Alexandre Hext. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then he gives his two residences and £25,000 to his son Henry Tritton, and the ultimate residue to all his children.

The will (dated June 13, 1901) of Mr. Ferdinand Marshall Huth, of 44, Upper Grosvenor Street, and 12, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Dec. 9 by Mrs. Caroline Locke Huth, the

widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £304,074. Subject to legacies of £1000 each to his godchildren, George Hugh Ruxton and Ferdinand Gerald Huth, the testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 23, 1897) of Mr. Arthur Challis Kennard, of 17, Eaton Place, S.W., who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Dec. 10 by Major Arthur Molloy Kennard, the son, and William Bury Homan Mulock, the executors, the value of the estate being £145,697. The testator gives all his interest and capital in the Falkirk Iron Company to his son Arthur Molloy, he paying two fifths of all moneys and profits to his brother Howard William; £3000 to his wife; £100 to Jessie Kemp; £3000 to the children of his brother Thomas William Kennard; and the silver cups won by his yachts to his son Arthur Molloy. Thirty-nine hundredths of the residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then as to one half thereof to his two daughters, and three fifths of the remainder to his son Arthur Molloy, and two fifths to his son Howard William. Of the remaining sixty-one hundredths he gives twenty-five parts, in trust, for each of his daughters,

and three fifths of the remaining eleven hundredths to his son Arthur Molloy, and two fifths to his son Howard William.

The will (dated June 1, 1901), with a codicil (dated Aug. 4, 1903), of Mr. William Henry Harford, of Oldown, Olveston, Gloucester, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Dec. 11 by Mrs. Ellen Harford, the widow, William Alfred Harford, and Hugh Wyndham Lutterell Harford, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £101,072. The testator bequeaths £500, an annuity of £400, the income from £7000, and the household furniture to his wife; three fifths of his shares in the Union of London and Smiths' Bank to his son William Alfred, and two fifths to his son Hugh Wyndham Lutterell; £200 each to his sons; £100 each to his grandchildren; £200 to Mrs. Frederica Frances King; and legacies to servants. During the life of Mrs. Harford £200 per annum is to be paid to his daughter the Duchess of Beaufort, and £300 per annum to his son-in-law the Earl of Essex; and on her decease he gives £7000 to his son Hugh. The residue of his property he leaves to his son William Alfred.

X

**THE MOST
POWERFUL
LIGHT**

Cannot detect the slightest discoloration or decay upon teeth cleaned with

Sozodont
TEETH & BREATH
Powder 1/-
Liquid 1/-
Original Large Size (Jumbo and Powder together) 2/-

Established 1846

DAINTY SAMPLES, WITH TREATISE, FREE 1d. STAMP.
HALL & RUCKEL, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

THEY TOUCH THE LIVER

**CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER
PILLS**

Absolutely Cure
BILIOUSNESS.
SICK HEADACHE.
TORPID LIVER.
FURRED TONGUE.
INDIGESTION.
CONSTIPATION.
DIZZINESS.
SALLOW SKIN.

They TOUCH the LIVER
Genuine Wrapper Printed on
WHITE PAPER, BLUE LETTERS.
Look for the Signature.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified
to the remarkable efficacy of

**HIMROD'S
CURE FOR ASTHMA**

Established over a quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
In Tins, 4s. 3d.

British Dépôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of

Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son,

W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispe,

John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

C. Dana Gibson's

Brilliant
New Series of
Drawings,
entitled

**"The
SNOB'S PROGRESS,"**

Commences in the
NEW YEAR
NUMBER of

"SNAP-SHOTS."

Now on Sale everywhere
Price One Penny.

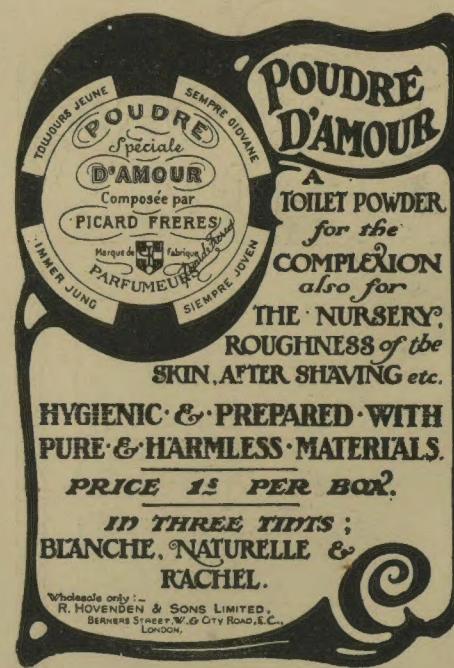
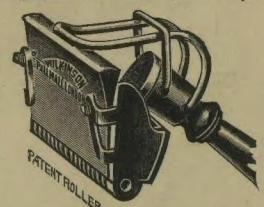
To be had of all Newsagents, and at
all the Railway Bookstalls.

London: JAMES HENDERSON & SONS, Red Lion
House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.**

INVALUABLE FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA, NEURALGIA,
AND ALL
KINDRED AILMENTS.

This old and tried remedy has stood the test of two
generations. Refuse to be put off with a Substitute; the
Original can be had of all Chemists if you let it be seen
that you are not weak enough to accept an imitation. Collis
Browne is the Name; 1½, 2/9, and 4/6 the prices.

**WILKINSON
RAZORS**

Finest
Sword
Steel.

PATENT SAFETY SHAYER

With this Invention a Roller is used instead of the ordinary fence or comb, giving a smooth rolling action over the face, and FEEDING THE LATHER ON TO THE CUTTING EDGE.

Single Shaver in Case, 8s. 6d. Shaver and two extra
Blades in Leather Case, £1. Shaver with four extra
Blades, £1 7s. 6d. Shaver with six extra Blades, £1 15s.

By return of Post on receipt of P.O. to DREW & SONS, Piccadilly Circus, or any Cutlers, Hairdressers, Stores, &c. Write for Catalogue.

WILKINSON SWORD CO., 27 & 28, Pall Mall, LONDON, S.W.

**NUDA
VERITAS**

IS NOT A DYE, BUT THE GENUINE RESTORER.
Circulars and Analyst's Certificates Post Free.

Sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, &c.,
in Cases, 10/- each.

Most Harmless, Effectual,
Permanent and Elegant.

**HAI
R
RE
ST
OR
ER**

WHOLESALE AGENTS: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.,
30-33, Berners St., W.; 91-95, City Road, London, E.C.

**Goddard's
Plate
Powder**

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST,

And 156 to 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. [Telegraphic Address:
"LINEN—Bellast."]

Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to

HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

**MELROSE
WHISKY**

Scotland's Best.
Delicious Mellow
and Matured.

PROPRIETORS
Bowen & McKechnie.

LONDON & GLASGOW.